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THE NATION

OCTOBER 7, 1968 35 cents

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LETTERS

speak up!

Los Angeles, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: Richard Nixon, disparaging the "demonstrators and protesters" and attempting to cash in on whatever bad publicity they have received, has decided to canonize the so-called "silent Americans" and to wangle their votes. He thus makes common cause with Eric Hoffer, *Los Angeles Times* columnist, apologist for the Lyndon Johnson-Hubert Humphrey brand of political razzle-dazzle and the loud, vociferous and strident voice of something known as the "silent Center."

So here we have a Republican-Democratic axis extolling the virtues of political and democratic silence. I am thus reminded of what Rev. Martin Niemoller, the world-renowned German clergyman who spent considerable time in Hitler's concentration camps, had to say on the subject:

> In Germany, the Nazis first came for the Communists, and I did not speak up because I was not a Communist. Then they came for the Jews, and I did not speak up because I was not a Jew. Then they came for the Trade Unionists and I did not speak up because I was not a Trade Unionist. Then they came for the Catholics and I was a Protestant so I did not speak up. Then they came for *me* . . . and by that time there was no one to speak up for anyone.

G. Kano

studies in nonviolence

Chester, Pa.

DEAR SIRS: Students may be interested in combining their academic work with studies about nonviolent action in political conflicts. Term papers, honors theses, graduate theses and dissertations can contribute significantly to the advance of knowledge about this frontier area. New knowledge and understanding may in time be useful for those considering or trying to use the technique of nonviolent action.

For a memorandum on research areas related to nonviolent action generally and to civilian defense, write to: Martin Luther King, Jr., School of Social Change, 21st and Upland Avenue, Chester, Pa. 19013.

Gene Sharp, Center for International Affairs, Harvard University
George Lakey, M. L. King, Jr. School of Social Change

Chomsky's assumption

Saskatoon, Canada

DEAR SIRS: Revolutionary as Noam Chomsky's contribution to linguistics is [see "Chomsky's Revolution in Linguistics" by Robert Sklar, *The Nation*, Sept. 9], it is still based upon the ethnocentric and dubious assumption that the world's 3,500-plus languages share a single basic structure, and that is the one familiar to us. In so assuming, Chomsky and his followers repeat the mistake of linguists a century ago who tried to describe every language in terms of Greek and Latin grammar. A. Koutsoudas' *Writing Transformational Grammars*, for instance, reduces some forty-five languages, most of them African or Asian, to tree diagrams which assume that every sentence in all these languages is basically a noun-phrase plus a verb-phrase, when that may not be the most useful description even for sentences in English, and it seems only a restatement of Aristotle's comment about Greek, that sentences have subjects and predicates—an assumption which needs examining because it is so universally taken for granted.

Another omission in Mr. Sklar's article also puzzles me: just how is Chomsky's grammar going to transform society?

Robert Ian Scott, University of Saskatchewan

EDITORIALS

The Real Danger

What with Wallace threatening to run over "anarchists" who persist in "laying down" in front of official cars, Humphrey struggling ineffectually to free himself from the Johnson incubus, and the quiet menace of the "new Nixon," a lot of people who are only a millimeter left of Center are getting nervous. Their apprehension is not unreasonable, but when they speak of a "new [Joe] McCarthyism" they are looking over the wrong shoulder. McCarthyism is not coming back, for the situation is entirely different from that of the fifties. Anticipating the wrong danger can divert attention from the real one that lies ahead, and may result in costly tactical errors.

When Joe McCarthy flourished, the public was worried about H-bombs, "secrets," infiltration of spies, "agents," etc. The Senator sensed the public mood (one of his few skills) and built his operation on it. Accordingly, he and his followers expended most of their energy in clobbering *individual* Reds and "subversives"; organizations were involved only secondarily. It was mainly a campaign of terror. When McCarthy reached into the high echelons of finance and government (John J. McCloy) and tackled the United States Army through one of its minor generals and a captain-dentist, his end was near.

The setting is now different in at least three respects: (*1*) The civil rights movement (1955-65), from which stem the new insurgent movements of one kind or another. (*2*) The peace drive and the Eugene McCarthy upsurge in the period from 1965 to date. (*3*) A much greater sophistication in politics, notwithstanding the struggle for survival of old-line politicians and obscurantists. Despite much unfocused dissent, there is broad awareness that we live amid the forms of democracy but without its essence.

McCarthy and his henchmen could run bawling after "Reds," but who today can define a "Red"? And with the Russians embroiled with China on one border and with the Czechs, Slovaks, Yugoslavs and Romanians on the other, where, oh where, is the monolithic "international Communist conspiracy"? Most of today's "troublemakers" are not identifiable by ideological tags; many, in fact, are anti-ideological. The action today is out in the open—in the streets, in the parks, on the campuses. The old-style witch hunt has lost most of its effectiveness.

But another kind of threat is clear for all to see. HUAC, hoping for rejuvenation, is scheduling hearings with Mayor Daley as a star witness. J. Edgar Hoover is sounding off as usual. *Barron's* runs a series of articles attacking the American Civil Liberties Union. Some university administrators are talking about a crackdown and being "combat-ready," while more enlightened presidents and deans are worried about impending Congressional action against students who resort to "force, disruption, or the seizure of property" at a college or university, the penalty being loss of federal education-aid loans and fellowships. All this, together with the big campaign build-up of "law and order," signals an approaching storm.

As a consequence of this new configuration, the big

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bust, when it comes, will be repressive on a wide front. It will entail a general police crackdown, with military backing, aimed at overt dissent on crucial issues, such as the Vietnamese War, ghetto unrest, the draft, militarized think tanks, and the like.

During the coming administration, the Right will not waste time proving that someone was a Red ten or twenty years ago. Instead, it will concentrate on forcible repression. What the Left—and equally the intelligent Center—must realize is that the new forms of rightist action are much more dangerous than the old. If not thwarted, this counterrevolution, still in nascent form, can develop into an American version of fascism.

'Let's Find Out'

The long-standing disagreement between the Secretary-General of the United Nations and the successive plenipotentiaries representing the United States (and in particular President Johnson) has come to a head. U Thant took the extraordinary step of suggesting, at a news conference, a specific resolution for consideration by the General Assembly, which convened on September 24 for its twenty-third session. This precedent-making resolution deals with the Vietnamese War. Not satisfied with putting his idea forward in general form, Mr. Thant actually phrased the proposed resolution:

"The General Assembly, deeply concerned at the war in Vietnam, convinced that essential first steps should be taken to move the conflict from the battlefield to the conference table, so as to lead to meaningful and positive steps toward a peaceful settlement of the problem:

"Requests that the bombing of North Vietnam—that is, the Democratic Republic of Vietnam—should cease."

Mr. Thant added the comment that his idea was not practical because the issue of Vietnam was not on the present agenda, but of course he knows that the resolution could be added to the agenda by a simple majority, if some delegation took it on itself to put the proposal before the Assembly. In effect he was inviting such action by his forecast that, if offered, the resolution would be approved by a majority of the 124 member nations. And the wording was obviously designed to put the United States and the South Vietnamese government on the spot; "meaningful and positive" steps are to be initiated by a cessation of the bombing—an action which only the United States can take. Obviously, also, Mr. Thant does not regard the discussions in Paris as promising such a development. For further emphasis he explained that he was trying to reflect "the conscience of humanity"; from the circumstances it would follow that he is appealing to the conscience of the American people.

It would be interesting to have a photograph of Lyndon Johnson's face when he read U Thant's proposal. It would also be interesting to play back a tape of any subsequent telephone conversations (if there were any) between President Johnson and Ambassador George W. Ball. Perhaps Mr. Ball knew what was expected of him without any Presidential directive. At any rate he called on Mr. Thant a few hours after the news conference and informed him

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that the United States did not regard his discussion of the problem of Vietnam as in any way helpful in furthering the negotiations in progress in Paris.

An interesting commentary related to this diplomatic ruckus came from Arthur Goldberg, Mr. Ball's predecessor at the UN. "I am convinced," Mr. Goldberg said to Michael J. Berlin of the *New York Post*, "that the time has come to halt all American bombing of North Vietnam, in order to move forward to obtain an honorable political settlement of the war." He suggested that there was no need to rely on Hanoi's word. Asked whether it didn't really matter whether or not we can believe what Hanoi says, he replied: "Exactly. We'll soon find out, and on the ground, where it counts."

It has been proved over and over again that Hanoi's infiltration of South Vietnam is not affected by bombing. When the President announced a bombing "limitation" at the end of March, it turned out that he meant a concentration in the North Vietnam panhandle, with a step-up in that narrow passageway from a total of about 3,000 sorties a month to about 10,000 now. But the infiltration has not dropped off. (See article p. 335.) About all that the bombing accomplishes is to save face for Mr. Johnson, and to enable him to plead that he is "saving the lives of American boys"—while feeding them into the maelstrom.

Mr. Goldberg's "let's find out" proposal is not the least instructive aspect of these events. It is marvelous to behold the clarifying effect of dissociation from the Johnson influence. Retirement from office, however delayed, can almost make a new man out of one who takes the walk.

Sabotaging Nonproliferation

One of the few genuine accomplishments of the Johnson Administration in international relations is the negotiation and signing of the treaty limiting the spread of nuclear weapons. And now this success is being dissipated, through no fault of the Administration, but by obstruction in the Senate and an electoral campaign reminiscent of the defeat of the League of Nations after World War I.

The treaty has become a hot campaign issue, in a manner damaging to the interests of the United States and in fact of all countries, except those that may be itching to join the nuclear club. It took terrific effort to get the treaty to a point where the U.S. and the USSR could agree on it. It cleared the Foreign Relations Committee by a vote of 13 to 3. Those voting against were Senators Lausche, Dodd and Mundt—hardly a brilliant galaxy—and there were three abstentions.

But Richard Nixon saw a chance to cadge votes, not by a forthright rejection of the treaty (which could have had the opposite effect), but by counseling delay because of Soviet malevolence in Czechoslovakia. He was by no means alone. Many Senators are afraid of the soft-on-the-Soviets accusation in the election year, and the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia gave them an out.

There will always be political differences with the Soviets. There will also be possible political agreements which are to the advantage of both the superpowers. These are separate areas and one should not be superimposed on the other. Some Senators understand this. Stephen Young of Ohio, for instance, deplores the fact that the exhilaration which accompanied President Johnson's signing of the treaty on July 1 is being allowed to ebb. The treaty is not a gift or reward, Mr. Young points out; it is not even a Soviet-American arrangement. It is a step toward putting an end to the international anarchy in which we live.

A more surprising proponent of the treaty is Sen. Harry F. Byrd of Virginia, who can surely not be accused of dovish tendencies, much less of being soft on the Soviets. He voted against the consular treaty with the Soviet Union and would again, he says, as long as it continues to supply North Vietnam with arms. He has opposed all efforts to "appease" the Russians, but he rejects the argument that because of the wrong done Czechoslovakia we should do a wrong of another kind to ourselves and other nations.

Hubert H. Humphrey is in favor of the treaty, but that does it little good. The fortunes of politics being what they are, his support may even hurt its chances. Because so many concerned Democrats are rightly aggrieved at Humphrey, they are not putting their backs into the fight for the treaty. But Humphrey's errors and misdemeanors have no more to do with the treaty than have those of the Russians. He can be right on occasion—and on this one, he is.

The Fantasy World of HHH

In desperation, Vice President Humphrey has apparently decided that the only way he can win in November is to stage another "Give 'Em Hell!" campaign in the manner of Harry S. Truman in 1948. In this belief, the Vice President is the victim of multiple illusions.

(*1*) He is not Harry S. Truman. President Truman had no "image" problem; he was exactly the person that everyone knew him to be. He came on strong and clear.

(*2*) President Truman did not have to contend with an incumbent President of his own party who gave every sign of actually preferring a Republican victory. The Texas situation could quickly be straightened out for the Vice President by President Johnson and Governor Connally, were it not for the fact that they have a feeling he may yet "betray" them on Vietnam.

(*3*) There was an entirely different social atmosphere in 1948. In the view of many observers, President Truman won the 1948 election when he vetoed the Taft-Hartley legislation. Today a significant part of labor's rank and file is going to vote for George C. Wallace who, in so many respects, resembles George Meany. On the civil rights issue, which Humphrey had set up for Truman in 1948, the Democrats were odds-on favorites with Negro voters. Today Negroes are divided—moderates against militants, militants against militants, nationalists against nationalists. If many Negroes decide not to vote, it will be difficult to chide them. Would ghetto Negroes really suffer more under Nixon than under Humphrey?

(*4*) The Gideon's Army of Henry Wallace was much less numerous than the following of Senators McCarthy-McGovern-Kennedy. The voters who in 1948 were disaffected by Truman's cold-war policies were a fraction of

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those who are today disenchanted with the results of twenty years' adherence to these same policies.

(5) In 1948 there was no significant "new politics" or "youth movement." The Kennedy Mystique was yet to be.

(6) There was no such issue as Vietnam in 1948.

(7) In 1948 Truman could stage a "whistle stop" campaign; with the spread of TV that is no longer possible.

(8) George C. Wallace is not Strom Thurmond. Thurmond and Henry Wallace each received 2.4 per cent of the vote in 1948; George Wallace may well receive four times their combined vote; he may get 15 million votes, which would be about what Al Smith received in 1928. Wallace's name has been certified for a place on the ballot in forty-three states—an accomplishment no third-party candidate has ever equaled—and may yet get on the ballot in all fifty. Strom Thurmond took votes from Truman in the South; Wallace will take votes from Humphrey in every major region. While he will also take votes from Nixon, on balance the damage to Humphrey is likely to be the greater.

There are other differences between the situation now and then, but these should be enough to indicate that the Vice President had better re-examine his strategy. It may work, but if it does it will be because in politics there is still room for miracles, not because 1968 is like 1948.

Victims All

The morale of the South Vietnamese army continues to trouble the Pentagon's Saigon office. Desertions are rising again, up now to about 8 per cent. Reassuring "explanations" are given for this evidence that the local troops are reluctant to hunt their countrymen: there has been a recent very large mobilization of unseasoned personnel, the Tet offensive struck when many soldiers were home on leave and they prudently chose to stay there. However, a Defense Department official has characterized the situation as "an open wound."

It should not be assumed from this solicitude, however, that American troop morale is high. Richard West, writing in *The Listener* after a recent trip to Vietnam, calls our Marines "a brutal rabble." He says that Americans "shoot at civilians out of hand" and torture prisoners in full view of outside observers. Tanks, he says, carry Confederate flags on their turrets, a vigilante symbol that any American recognizes; at the same time, he saw GIs with McCarthy buttons on their helmet liners.

One may want to dismiss West as a European outraged by the war and venting his indignation on the troops who fight it, but there is still the American press. A recent C.B.S. newcast reported on six American soldiers charged with murdering Vietnamese civilians, none of whom was alleged to be a VC. The method used was to toss the victims into a canal and throw hand grenades after them.

An AP dispatch of September 23 reported the sentencing of Marine Lance Corp. John D. Belknap to two years' hard labor for his part in murdering an unarmed Vietcong prisoner, one of five so dispatched by Belknap and his buddies. This man was bound, placed on a chair, a noose flung over his neck and then the chair kicked out from under him. The hanging failed, and the man was then kicked, beaten and stabbed to death. Asked by the court if he had known what he was doing, Belknap replied: "Yes, sir, but I didn't give it a thought."

If one does give it a thought, one asks oneself under what circumstances do soldiers behave in this way? The answer is when they feel betrayed by their superiors (West reports that on some operations no officers are to be seen), frightened for their lives, have lost faith in the virtue of their mission, and despair of victory.

From that viewpoint, these blood-lusting men are not villains; they are—like the Vietnamese regulars, the napalmed villagers, the corralled refugees, the call girls of Saigon, the corrupt officeholders of the Thieu-Ky puppet government—victims of a foreign policy that made war without reason and therefore can find no reason for making peace. And these are victims on what is called our side; we do not even speak of the Vietcong or the North.

The Liberation of William Clark

Shortly after the Battle of Chicago, Mayor Richard J. Daley showed up at a fund-raising dinner for William Clark, Attorney General of Illinois, who is running this year for the Senate in Democratic opposition to Everett Dirksen. Daley was there as much to counter the main speaker, Senator McGovern, as to rally support for Clark. However, the dinner raised $150,000, which Clark badly needs. In 1966 the unions backed Paul Douglas with $250,000 or more; they have given Clark $5,000. A good lawyer, Clark does not make accusations but he suspects that the union bag has been tied at the very top.

Clark has seen the leader of his party only once, a couple of months before the Back-to-the-Texas-Plow speech. "I know and respect your friendship with Dirksen," he told the President, "but as head of the party I hope you're supporting me." He was assured by the President of his total support: "We need you down here." "Will you call in the press to announce it?" Clark asked. LBJ replied that this would not be convenient, nor would he be able to speak at the fund-raising dinner. Said the amused Clark: "He didn't look at his engagement book."

Last week Clark accused President Johnson of using "wheel and deal" methods in an effort to secure confirmation of Justice Abe Fortas as Chief Justice. Last June, according to Clark, Senator Dirksen was summoned to the White House and given the task of delivering the Republican minority for a Fortas confirmation. It was, he says, a "backdoor assignment," from which Dirksen now wants to "cop out." Donald Janson of *The New York Times,* says this was "the first time in memory that a Democratic candidate for office in Illinois had attacked a Democratic President." Obviously Clark, Gilligan and a few others are looking beyond the smog of 1968. Even if some of them do not survive this year's enfilade of Populist bafflement and rage, they have the self-confidence of thoughtful men whose actions stem from analysis and right feelings. "Next time I nominate George McGovern for President in the Illinois caucus," says Clark, "he's going to get a good many more than three votes."

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THE FALANGE REVISED

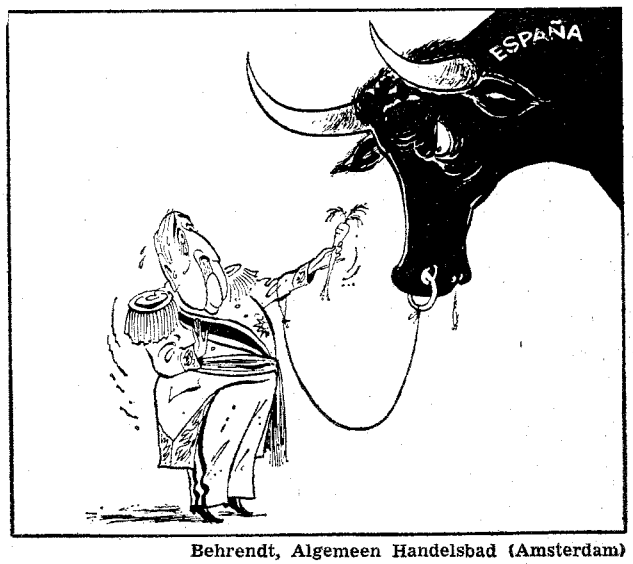
FASCISM FOR THE FUTURE

GABRIEL JACKSON
Mr. Jackson, author of The Spanish Republic and the Civil War *(Princeton University Press), is a professor of history at the University of California, San Diego.*

What follows here is based upon my reading, observation and travel between March and early August, 1968. I had known Spain intimately in two previous periods—1950-52 and 1960-62—and on those earlier occasions my researches on the history of the Second Republic and the Civil War had brought me into contact with Spaniards of all political views and economic standings. In 1968 my professional concern was with medieval Spain, but I saw many of the same persons and places I had known earlier. In addition, on trips to archaeological sites in the mountains I often passed dams, electric power stations, children's camps and reforestation projects. And on visits to small diocesan museums I sometimes struck up illuminating conversations with local priests and municipal officials.

Almost everywhere I went I found evidence of substantial, if unstable, economic progress, coupled with extreme anxiety concerning the future. My friends, who took the subway to work in 1960, drive small cars today. Their wives, who cooked on coal stoves and kept the butter on a shady corner of the balcony, now have electric or gas stoves and refrigerators. The younger members of white-collar families manage to marry in their early 20s and to take summer vacations, which their later marrying parents could never afford. In the villages, peasants who went barefoot or wore rope-soled sandals, now wear shoes. The blind lottery salesmen in the cities, and the shepherds on the hillsides, carry transistor radios. In Aragon, Catalonia, parts of Andalusia and much of Castile, the grain farmers have tractors and mechanical reapers, sometimes owned individually, more frequently rented from a rural cooperative under Falange or Catholic social management. Chemical fertilizers and sprays are increasingly available, and trucks deliver excellent fruit and vegetables to the markets of modest urban districts where one rarely saw fresh produce eight years ago. In western Castile and Leon the farmers still winnow the grain on mule-drawn sledges, and in traditionally overpopulated Galicia one still sees three or four able-bodied men guarding two or three cows. But even in these more backward areas the men have motor bikes, the younger women wear dresses that could have come from J. C. Penney's, electricity has reached all but the most isolated villages, and inside adobe houses, still without plumbing, are television sets and butane stoves. In both country towns and cities one constantly sees new elementary schools, infirmaries and swimming pools, all built since the mid-1950s, and while elementary education is neither universal nor of high intellectual quality, absolute illiteracy has been almost eliminated.

At the same time that there has been an undeniable rise in the standard of living there is much that is unstable, and even partly fictitious, about the overall economic development. Most worrisome is the excessive dependence on tourism and on foreign capital. Thus a 1967 trade deficit of more than $2 billion was covered in most part by receipts from 18 million tourists, and large sections of the gorgeous Mediterranean coast are becoming the unrestricted private property of European real estate developers. Almost all industries except construction and food processing depend upon American or West European capital. Automobiles, machine tools and sophisticated chemical and electronic equipment can be produced only under foreign patents and with the help of foreign personnel. Tens of thousands of workers have found well-paid jobs only by emigrating to the Common Market countries, and the combination of inflation, competition for the tourist trade, and dependence on British markets obliged Spain to devalue hastily last November, when England did. The studies of Spain's ablest economists, such as Ramón Tamames and Jesús Prados Arrate, and such collective publications as the UNESCO-sponsored *L'Espagne à l'heure du developpement* (1967) and Ruedo Ibérico's two-volume study, *Horizonte Español* (1966) all tend to agree that there are excessive dependence on foreign capital, poor planning with regard to potential consumer markets, higher unemployment rates than in the rest of Western Europe, fantastic bank profits (of the order of 18 to 20 per cent per annum), and a concentration of interlocking industrial directorships in the hands of Spain's "100 families."



Behrendt, Algemeen Handelsbad (Amsterdam)

I think, however, that the pessimistic conclusions of these studies may be somewhat exaggerated. Spain is so beautiful and fascinating a country, and its people so attractive and fundamentally honest, that tourism may well be a long-term economic resource as stable and as income producing as are other well-managed forms of enterprise. A century ago, Germany and the United States depended

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heavily on foreign capital during the "take-off" decades of their industrialization. But if a nation simultaneously raises its educational standards and its labor productivity it need not become permanently dependent upon foreign technique and investment. The Spaniards, who in the past ten years have built excellent roads, hotels, low-cost housing units and hydroelectric plants, and who are rapidly modernizing their agriculture, have proved that they are capable of hard work and high technical performance. There is no practical reason why in future decades they should not be able to accumulate the capital and the skills to free themselves from excessive dependence on foreign industry. In any case, despite technical errors and social injustices, Spain has made immense economic progress in the past decade, and while the rate of progress has slowed down notably since 1966, I am sure the country will never again experience the stagnation and misery which I knew in 1950.

It is much more difficult, at least for a democrat, to be optimistic about Spain's political future. The present regime dates from the military rebellion of July, 1936. The thirty-two-month dogged resistance of the majority of the Spanish people rapidly converted the military junta into a cruelly repressive dictatorship. After 1945, the regime scaled down the number of prisoners, and the use of torture and executions. In place of crude repression it has, over the past twenty years, developed more sophisticated ways to maintain control. For example, the law states that a worker may be fired if he is absent from his job for seventy-two hours for reasons other than illness. Nothing simpler, with politically activist workers, than for the police to hold them incommunicado for seventy-two hours, and then to release them, usually without physical maltreatment, perhaps without even intensive questioning —but deprived of their jobs, their seniority rights, their social security.

Intellectuals and businessmen who step out of line can be controlled even more gently. The slightest sign of opposition may easily result in the refusal of a passport, or of an import license. Thus the student who has won a foreign scholarship, or the businessman who wishes to establish a new industry, will pay the price for his independence of mind. And in a regime where the citizen has no effective recourse to law, and where such indirect punishments have been handed out for two decades, the threat of harassment alone is sufficient to intimidate most people. In fairness to thousands of decent Spaniards, it should also be realized that personal gestures frequently lighten the fate of political opponents. The employer will often not fire the dissident worker despite the seventy-two-hour law. A highly placed friend may intervene effectively to see that the brilliant student or the enterprising businessman does get the necessary passport or license. Many "ex-Reds" hold responsible jobs, and are protected from occasional witch hunts by rightist employers who value their abilities, and who may also feel some remorse for the terrible oppressions of the decade following 1936.

Thus the *de facto* conduct of the regime has been humanized, but in ways which are completely arbitrary, which depend on the good will of individuals, and which do not in the slightest supersede those laws and precedents upon which the earlier murderous dictatorship was based. In early August the assassination of a hated secret police chief produced an immediate wave of arbitrary arrests and subsequent tortures in the Basque country, and Spanish lawyers are still frequently fined for the "crime" of defending militant workers and priests.

Two hopeful factors contribute to any assessment of the future. First, improved living standards and the vivid memory of the Civil War make a violent revolutionary attempt most unlikely. Second, the marked effort of the younger clergy to associate themselves with the spirit of John XXIII, and to back the economic and social demands of the workers, makes it improbable that anti-clerical outbreaks like those of 1936 will occur again. But against these hopeful signs must be placed the total lack of political liberty and democratic political experience over a period of more than thirty years. By way of contrast: in 1931, when the Second Republic was inaugurated, Spaniards had for several decades known freedom of the press, freedom of parliamentary debate, and in the cities at least, increasingly honest elections. There were well-organized Republican and Socialist parties, and free trade union associations, both Socialist and Catholic. It is true that the Republic was immediately preceded by seven years of erratic, relatively mild military rule, but in the perspective of the times that dictatorship had been considered a temporary interruption of the country's steady progress toward Western European political norms.

Spaniards today have absolutely no such experience of liberty. Political parties and free trade unions are forbidden. In the eyes of the regime they represent the specific evils which in 1936 led Spain to anarchy and disaster. There is a parliament, but its members are not chosen by any form of democratic competition, and its agenda is prepared strictly by the government. Last year press censorship as such was ended, but editors know very well that they must not "abuse" their new liberty. To cite only the most recent and celebrated incident: when on May 30 *Madrid* published an editorial suggesting that General de Gaulle ought to resign, and suggesting it in terms clearly applicable to another General, the paper was heavily fined; it has not yet resumed publication.

Some of my acquaintances among lawyers and possible political leaders, while recognizing the truth of the situation as I have just described it, nevertheless hope that a restored monarchy may offer the institutional framework of a gradual, orderly return to political liberty. I see no firm basis for such hopes. The 19th-century monarchy always depended upon privileged minorities, and the last king, Alfonso XIII, could keep his throne only while the army supported him. There is no strong monarchist sentiment in Spain, and neither Don Juan nor his son Juan Carlos has shown such distinguished personal qualities as might overcome the heavy heritage of the Bourbon monarchy. If one of them should mount the throne a few years hence, and should (an unlikely hypothesis in my view) seek political support from the Left,

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the entrenched military and Falangist officials would rapidly call him to order. Any king who may follow General Franco will be the closely guarded prisoner of the army and of the Right, which will have made his accession possible.

The painful truth is that democrats throughout the world have underestimated the skill and the adaptability of the Franco dictatorship. It has been thought of simply as a vestige of pre-World War II fascism, or as a patchwork of old-fashioned nationalist and militarist ideologies. But it may well be the prototype of a more sophisticated military dictatorship than we have seen before, in Spain or elsewhere, based upon the following ingredients:

(*1*) A more agreeable material life for all, coupled with continuing financial privileges for the ruling bourgeoisie.

(*2*) Control of dissident intellectuals and youth by harassments usually short of imprisonment and physical torture.

(*3*) A façade of political "freedom" in the permitted antics of rival monarchist, Carlist and Falangist factions.

(*4*) Maintenance of spiritual order through the continued dominant position of the Catholic Church and of government-controlled television.

(*5*) Maintenance of the secular order by the army and the several forms of police, acting with a minimum of publicity and with carefully adjusted doses of brutality or leniency as the specific situation may demand.

In the past ten to fifteen years, the Franco regime has had marked success in establishing this kind of government. There is a long tradition in Spain of civil administration by soldiers, and of military supremacy in any major conflict between military and civilian interests. Indeed the military instinctively hated the Republic of 1931 because the Republic proclaimed its intention to establish a tradition of civilian supremacy in government. Considering its success during the past decade, and its roots in Spanish tradition, it is certainly very possible that the kind of sophisticated military dictatorship I have sketched above will remain the fundamental reality in Spanish political life for decades to come, whether or not a "king" is displayed in the front window.

Another major reason why the regime may in fact last for decades is that the classic circumstances for a revolution do not exist. Every revolution in the Western world since the mid-18th century has been based upon an alliance, however temporary or unstable, between revolutionary intellectuals and a mass of peasants and workers who really felt themselves to be both materially and spiritually oppressed. Enough economic progress has been made, with more in the offing, so that the Spanish masses do not feel materially oppressed. The day may very well come when more than a small minority of university students, Basque and Catalan nationalists, leftist priests and young industrial workers will actively resent the spiritual oppression of an official religion, a conformist press and the absence of any freedom of association. It is also quite possible that there might one day be a massive reaction of injured pride over dependence on the tourist trade and on foreign capital. The current challenge to British sovereignty at Gibraltar is in some measure an effort to channel such feelings of national pride. And this example suggests also that a continuing dictatorship of the present sort might be able to harness such feelings to its own ends. But the main reflection induced by my travels in Spain in recent months is that, given the rising standard of living and the substitution of milder sanctions for the earlier heavy-handed oppressions, a Franquist type of dictatorship may continue for decades in Spain and by so doing may provide a "model" for other nations that achieve a minimum of economic prosperity in the absence of strong traditions of political liberty. This is a problem for democrats to ponder.

DOSSIER ON DALEY

RAYMOND R. COFFEY

Mr. Coffey, who until recently was reporting from Vietnam for the Chicago Daily News, *is now that paper's national correspondent.*

Chicago

As long ago as 1957 *Fortune,* regarded in some precincts as the official assay office for measuring success, anointed Chicago's Richard J. Daley as one of the nine outstanding mayors in the United States. That was only two years after he had moved into City Hall and it was, also, only the beginning of the Daley worship. Over the years, *Fortune* was followed by a seeming nonstop parade of other journals (and by itself a second time around), all contributing to a litany of praise for Daley. The worst thing anyone seemed able to discover about the Chicago wonder worker was that he was jowly, looked like an overweight Buddha and mangled the English language with "dis's" and "dat's."

Then came the Democratic National Convention in Chicago with its barbed wire and MACE and tear gas and red-baiting and club swinging and gallery packing, and Daley suddenly found himself listed as public enemy number one by some of the same sort of people who were very much responsible for his heretofore exalted reputation.

Daley, determined to play host to the convention come hell, high water, crippling bus-taxi-telephone strikes and invasion by young dissidents, now became notorious as the Fascist proprietor of a police state rechristened "Prague West," "Stalag '68" and other names less soothing than Sandburg's "Hog butcher to the world" or even Nelson Algren's "City on the Make."

What happened? What happened is that that decade of publicity for Daley had confused regular garbage pickups —twice a week in selected neighborhoods—with greatness.

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Administrative efficiency and reasonable honesty—reasonable for Chicago anyhow—were all that counted in the making of a mayor, his admirers suggested.

There always were people in Chicago, a lot of them, who knew better, but somehow they never got heard in all the dazzlement over all the new skyscrapers and airports and ever-greater pluralities Daley was building from election to election.

It may be true, as the Mayor's supporters still ruefully say, that Daley is the best mayor Chicago ever had. But given the competition, that, as Chicago *Daily News* columnist Mike Royko has observed, is like singling out the best player on the New York Mets. It is also true that Daley is personally honest (though he tolerates graft among his political underlings, as long as it doesn't become embarrassing) and that he really loves this city.

But Daley has lost touch with the times. Lyndon Johnson caught on that it wasn't his kind of country any more, but Johnson is still Daley's kind of guy and for Daley the world is still—or by God better be—the kind of place it was when he was working his way up.

The Mayor has never been what is called these days an issue-oriented politician. For him it's still purely a business of patronage, "clout," ringing more doorbells than the other guy, and getting the most votes. To this day his automobile license number is not 1 or anything similarly distinctive; it is 708,222—the number of votes that first put him into City Hall in 1955.

For anyone who was surprised by Daley's performance during the Democratic convention and his reaction to the demonstrations, here are some aspects of the Daley record that the glowing publicity overlooked during those good old years before Jerry Rubin, Tom Hayden, Dave Dellinger and company hit town. To begin, Daley's stance as a straight and strong "law-and-order" man, to use the current political idiom, is downright laughable to a lot of people here.

"The thing that really scalds me" about the whole controversy over Daley and the police's handling of the convention, says state Rep. Anthony Scariano, a distinguished, tough-minded Reform Democrat who has been doing battle with the seamier side of the Daley machine for more than ten years, "is that Daley has suddenly become in the popular mind a symbol of law and order."

Daley is not only mayor but also chairman of the Cook County Democratic Committee and thus has practically unlimited power in the party. Yet, Scariano notes, he still allows the crime syndicate to run the city's First Ward, which embraces the rich Loop area. John D'Arco, a longtime associate of Mafia gangsters, is still First Ward Democratic committeeman, while in other wards men whose only sin was an occasional hesitation in carrying out Daley orders have been pushed into oblivion.

Until a few years ago D'Arco was also First Ward alderman and when he "retired," says Scariano, it was not Daley but the crime syndicate that "tapped him on the shoulder and told him to move over." The syndicate first chose as his successor a relative by marriage of crime boss Sam Giancana. When the press exploded at that, they tried to foist off a suburbanite who didn't even live in the city. Through all the unsavory maneuvering Daley sat back, playing the innocent and pretending it was all a matter for the people of the First Ward to decide.

Scariano, chief sponsor of a law that created a state crime investigating commission, says "the only time Daley lets anything like the crime commission bill get through is when the heat is so bad that he can't help it." Scariano adds, "He has never supported one piece of good government legislation in all the time I've been in the legislature."

But Daley's greatest failing by far—at least until he turned the police loose at the convention—is that he has never understood the race problem. He still lives in the working-class neighborhood, Bridgeport, near the stockyards, where he grew up and where Negroes to this day dare not live. And he lives by the old feeling, still strong in many Chicago neighborhoods, that people should stay with their own kind. As long as the garbage is picked up, the street lights work, and the Negro Democratic committeemen get a cut of the patronage, things are supposed to be all right.

Thus in 1966 Daley could tell a convention of Negro beauty-shop operators that under his administration 368,000 rooms had been inspected for roaches, 153,000 rat holes had been closed, and more than 300,000 citizens had benefited. Daley had found that statistics always impressed visiting magazine writers and the businessmen—mostly Republicans who voted in the suburbs and came into Chicago only to make their money. The Negro beauty-shop operators, however, may have been thinking about a different kind of statistics—such as the fact that one of every nine whites on the Police Department is a sergeant but only one of every twenty-one is a Negro.

The first big crack in Daley's reputation came last spring when much of the city's sprawling West Side black ghetto went up in smoke and violence after the assassination of Martin Luther King.

Daley was outraged and promptly blew his cool, issuing orders that henceforth police were to "shoot to kill" arsonists and "shoot to maim" looters. What happened at the convention, therefore, should hardly have come as a surprise.

Daley was also astonished and deeply wounded that such a thing as the West Side ghetto riots could happen in the city he loves, the city blessed with his administration. Others were less surprised. The Democratic committeemen in the West Side wards—stalwarts of the Daley organization (and remember he is supposed to be a political genius)—have names like Vito Marzullo, Bernie Neistein, Tony Girolami, John Touhy, Matt Biesczat, John D'Arco and George Collins. Only Collins is a Negro. The aldermen have names like Stanley Zydlo, Harry Sain, Joe Jambrone, Marzullo, Collins and Robert Biggs. Only Collins and Biggs are Negroes and Biggs is a flunky for Neistein, the boss of the all-black 29th Ward. (Neistein, by the way, is another of the people with crime-syndicate connections whom Daley continues to tolerate in the party hierarchy.)

Anti-Vietnamese War sentiment is another issue of the sort Daley cannot understand. The son of a poor

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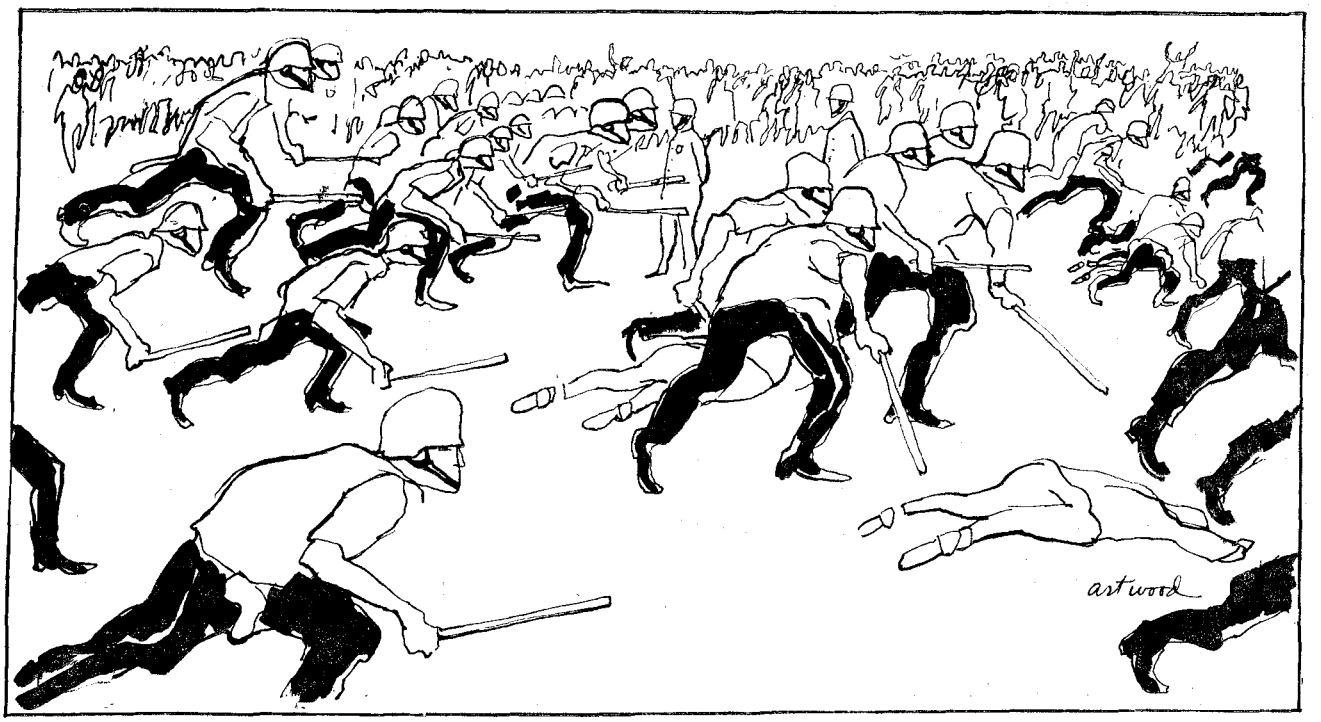

Irish family, he worked his way through college and law school at a time and in a place where the only excuse for going to college was to make the kind of success *Fortune* exalts.

For the Mayor success is practically synonymous with morality. Intellectualism that wastes time on issues, morality that goes beyond marital fidelity and honest gain are suspect. (His only advice to Robert F. Kennedy when the New York Senator decided to go after the Presidential nomination was, reportedly, "get a haircut.")

Thus weeks before the convention the Mayor told a throng of precinct captains celebrating Democratic Day at the State Fair that he had no use for the "intellectual and university professor" critics of Mr. Johnson's Vietnamese policy. "Our Democrats are solidly behind Lyndon B. Johnson all the way," Daley said, demonstrating well in advance of the convention just how far out of touch he was.

Similarly, during the convention Frank Sullivan, public relations man for the police department, sneeringly referred to "the intellectuals" of C.B.S. and N.B.C. as largely responsible for the city's black eye.

And Daley went Sullivan one better in emulation of the late Joseph McCarthy. Sullivan had referred also to "Communists" as being responsible for violence at the convention. Daley was asked about this in a television interview with Walter Cronkite after the police had done their handiwork on Michigan Avenue the night Hubert Humphrey got his nomination. The Mayor said promptly, "There isn't any doubt about it. You know who they are." He then mentioned the names of Hayden, Dellinger and a couple of others.

"Well, I don't know that they're Communists," said a puzzled Cronkite. "Well certainly neither do I," said the Mayor, establishing what must be a track record for throwing mud and then ducking.

One of the reasons why Daley no longer understands his city or even his times is that he is extremely sensitive to criticism—or to any questioning. And over the years his power has grown to the point where he almost never encounters either of them. "Maybe the tragedy is that he's never had to learn to take it," says Alderman Seymour Simon, a sometime Daley ally who is now one of the more cerebral critics of the way things are done at City Hall.

In the days when it was fashionable to describe Daley as the Chicago paragon, it was often said that big cities were becoming ungovernable and that only Daley seemed to retain the secret. What was ignored was that Daley doubles in brass as party chairman, which gives him practically life-or-death authority over the city's political life.

John Lindsay in New York, for example, might find life less frustrating if he, like Daley, had 60,000 patronage jobs at his command—and the votes and livelihoods of the wives, mothers-in-law, aunts, uncles and star boarders that go with them. As columnist Royko has put it, "In the East some families register a newborn son at Harvard or Yale. In (Daley's neighborhood) they sign him on with the city water department."

Daley has never been one to lead in new directions or break new political ground. He has been, rather, a steady consolidator of power, until today he owns all but a half-dozen or so of the city's fifty aldermen. One of the council robots, Alderman Joseph Krska, is renowned locally for an oratorical repertory consisting entirely of the sentence, "God bless Mayor Daley," which he uses to answer yea or nay or handle any other crisis that comes up.

The Mayor's power reaches far beyond the City Council. The much admired former U.S. Sen. Paul H. Douglas, for just one example, led a noisy conservationist fight to

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save the Dunes in neighboring Indiana. But when conservationists in Douglas' own neighborhood fought a Daley plan to cut down 2,000 trees to make room for a wider road through a park, there was not a peep from Douglas. When the Democrats are in power at the state capital at Springfield, Daley is also, in effect, the House, the Senate and the Governor.

In the post-convention bitterness here, state Sen. James P. Loukas, a long-time maverick Democrat, was finally moved to announce his support for the Republican candidate for governor this year. If the Democrat is elected, Loukas declared, the powers of the governor "would be turned over to Daley. . . . If Daley wants to legislate he should run for the legislature; if he wants to run the state he should run for governor."

That is not the kind of sentiment Daley admires. What he prefers are practical young men like state Rep. Paul Elward, who started out ten years ago as a rampaging, anti-machine reformer—and got nowhere. He then joined the team and is now so staunch a Daley man that he could weep at the convention tribute to Robert Kennedy until he was wet up to the ankles—and then without catching breath pronounce the convention a great success since no one had been killed or wounded. The new Elward, Elward in Daley's pocket, has now moved up to the position of unofficial whip for the statehouse Democrats. Elward multiplied is the kind of thing that really warms the Mayor's heart.

And so it should have been no surprise when Daley packed the convention galleries with sewer workers waving "We Love Mayor Daley" signs. Nor should it have been a surprise when—with no one else able to do it—Daley chopped off the emotional tribute to Robert Kennedy by having his sewer workers drown it out with chants of "We Want Daley."

Nor should anyone have been astonished, knowing how Daley likes having his own way and has grown accustomed to having it, that the Mayor ran the whole convention from his seat in front of the podium. Convention chairman Carl Albert had to do little more than watch Daley for cues—a throat-slitting motion to adjourn for the night, arms waving to strike up the band and drown out the dissidents, etc.

In the aftermath, Daley made much of the vulgar provocative language that had been directed at his police. He was horrified. But this same concern for propriety did not deter him and the Illinois delegation from shouting epithets at Abraham Ribicoff when the Senator dared to speak of Gestapo tactics.

Daley's constant complaints about the language the police had to endure—along with all his other statements about "outsiders" causing trouble (as if only Chicagoans belonged in town for a national convention), about leftist agitators who have been to Hanoi, about the demonstrators' determination to force a confrontation with police—illustrate again that he just doesn't understand what it's all about. As Alderman William Cousins, an anti-Daley Negro, put it:

> The city is attempting to cloud the real issues, which have nothing to do with whether someone had been to Cuba or was a revolutionary or whether someone had violated a city ordinance.
>
> The real question is whether or not the police have the authority to physically harm someone in a situation such as that which developed. Even when a person is guilty of some wrongdoing, we cannot justify a summary punishment of that person by a policeman on the street.

One of the people in Chicago who has had Daley in perspective right along—who was not at all surprised by the way things went during the convention—is Alderman Leon M. Despres, the liberal independent from the 5th Ward around the University of Chicago, and one of the few voices raised regularly over the years against the way Daley was running roughshod through the city. Now, suggests Despres, things may be catching up with him.

Daley, says Despres, "has created a chasm between himself and the black community and also has moved away from the liberals"—two major elements of Democratic strength, which in Chicago means Daley strength. Having used his power over the years to immunize himself from criticism and questioning, "repression now is the only way [Daley] knows how to deal with any kind of dissent."

Ironically, Despres added, Daley now finds that the most enthusiastic support for his handling of the convention comes from "the Wallace and Nixon people—the people who would like to bury all his [Democratic] candidates." Daley, said Despres, is "moving to the right . . . he's lost his touch on this issue . . . he's really in bad trouble."

Daley and the men around him do not, of course, admit any such thing. They are trying to smile through, publicly taking comfort in the letters and phone calls of support that have been pouring into City Hall. But the fact seems to be that Daley has indeed been hurt. "What went on in the streets of Chicago is the tragedy and shame of our city," says Abner J. Mikva, the liberal reformer who is the Democratic candidate for Congress in the 2d District. "Chicago has suffered a distressing blow to its reputation. . . . The loss in business, the loss in prestige, the ridicule to which we have been and will be put have hurt a great deal."

An even harsher indictment came from State Treasurer Adlai E. Stevenson III, the party's biggest vote getter in recent elections and a man who was denied the U.S. Senate nomination for refusing to pledge allegiance to LBJ on Vietnam. "Illinois Democrats are restless within the confines of a feudal structure that exists by rewarding homage with jobs and favors," Stevenson said in a 2,500-word post-convention blast at the Daley way of doing things.

The surest sign that Daley has been hurt—and that he knows it—is the great length to which he has gone to tell and retell and tell again his "side" of the story in special reports, in the press and on television. The whole thing, he suggests, was the fault of the papers and broadcasters. He sounds a lot like the Goldwater Republicans of 1964 who blamed their fate on the press. And Hubert Humphrey and Daley's Democratic state ticket candidates surely cannot have forgotten what happened to Goldwater.

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FINESSING THE POOR

RICHARD A. CLOWARD and FRANCES FOX PIVEN

Mr. Cloward and Mrs. Piven are members of the faculty of the Columbia University School of Social Work.

Welfare officials are trying to finesse New York City's 875,000 welfare poor by calling a major economy measure a major reform. More important, this "reform" is intended to deal a lethal blow to the most extensive organization of New York's poor in recent memory—the welfare rights movement. And it has an odds-on chance of succeeding.

The reform is quite easily described. Until now, a recipient, once certified as eligible, was entitled to two kinds of payment. The first was a semi-monthly check for food, rent and miscellaneous items. But in addition, the law prescribed that every recipient be maintained at a "minimum standard of decency" in heavy clothing and household furnishings. Each child, for example, was supposed to have an overcoat, hat and galoshes. A child was also supposed to have his own bed, a family was entitled to enough chairs so that they could all sit together to eat, and so forth. So the second kind of payment—"special grants" of money to enable recipients to purchase these items—was to be made on an "as needed" basis. The trouble was that before the welfare client movement began, such grants were rare. Clients got an average of only $40 in 1965. The department—like welfare departments everywhere—economized by violating its own regulations.

Nor would that situation have changed without organized action by masses of recipients. Under the leadership of the City-Wide Coordinating Committee of Welfare Groups, which formed early in 1966, hundreds of thousands of copies of the official schedules of items for which people are supposed to get money were mimeographed and distributed throughout the city's ghettos. Recipients were instructed to check off the items they did not have, and told to meet at an appointed time at the local welfare office. There, client leaders turned in huge stacks of applications and demanded payment, while large numbers of clients demonstrated in the waiting rooms, refusing to move until their checks were processed.

The results, from the beginning, were spectacular. Under impact of successive campaigns, the aggregate costs of special grants zoomed from about $20 million in 1965 to an estimated $90 million in the present fiscal year. A small part of this increase is accounted for by the increase in the number of people on welfare (up about 325,000 since 1965); had the department continued to give this enlarged population an average of $40 per year, aggregate disbursements would have risen from $20 million to about $35 million in 1968. But costs have now reached $90 million, and it is the welfare movement which is responsible for the difference. Stated another way, the movement forced an increase in the level of special grants from an average of $40 per person in 1965 to an estimated average of $100 in 1968. The city's "reform" freezes the average disbursement at this level. Beginning immediately, each recipient will get a "flat grant" of $100 per year, payable in four installments of $25.

Although at first glance it appears that the "flat-grant" plan will not reduce the level of disbursements to the poor, it is in fact an economy measure. The organizing drives which forced costs up to their present level involved hundreds of thousands of recipients, but still more hundreds of thousands have not yet been reached. Organized recipients have been getting far more than $100 per person, while the unorganized have, as always, been getting far less, or getting nothing at all. This vast reservoir, with its potential of hundreds of millions of dollars in legitimate claims, posed what *The New York Times* called editorially a "threat to [New York City's] treasury." The movement was growing so rapidly that it would soon have organized many thousands more people to make claims. Without the new "reform," the movement might have driven costs to the $200-million mark within another year.

By an introverted bit of logic, City Hall says that the new payment method will not only be more economical but also more "equitable." By that it means that no one, organized or unorganized, will get more than $100. The city's concern for "equity" would be rather more convincing, however, had it also announced retroactive grants to those hundreds of thousands of unorganized people who never got their legal benefits in the first place. This was precisely what the spread of the movement threatened to do. To insure that it would not, the flat grant was instituted, as the *Times* approvingly said, in order to "stem a fiscal threat."

Since the reform is an economy measure, there is little doubt of overall public support. But the Lindsay administration also wishes to be defined as sympathetic to the poor, not as drawing the purse strings more tightly about their necks. And so the new economy has been couched in a series of pieties to the effect that an automatic disbursement plan rather than discretionary grants will reduce paperwork, freeing welfare workers to counsel and guide recipients along the path to "rehabilitation." This definition will also be received favorably by the public. Americans are always prepared to believe that poverty results from individual defects, not social and economic injustices, and the Lindsay administration seems prepared to pander to that belief if it will keep the fiscal lid on welfare. But recipients who have now learned to organize and fight the welfare system may not submit any longer to the preachments of case workers. Indeed, the movement may soon demand that welfare workers stay out of the ghettos and barrios, thus putting a halt to routine invasions of recipients' homes which take place under the guise of establishing rapport and conducting rehabilitation (in probable violation of the Fourth Amendment).

Far more important than immediate economies in the planning of the city is its hope that by this "reform" it can dissipate the welfare organizing movement and avert the trouble the movement has already created for New York officialdom. Recurrent demonstrations at local wel-

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fare centers have generated one incident after another with welfare workers and police, each episode being a threat to the tranquillity of the ghettos. Welfare officials have complained in the press that the movement virtually controls some of the local centers, and there is much truth in the charge. In recent actions, they have driven case workers out of the centers, taking over desks and files, and spent the day reading the department's dossiers on them and other recipients. Once the financial benefits which mobilized large numbers of people are eliminated, officials hope that the movement will wither away. Hugh H. Jones, chairman of the State Board of Social Welfare, announced recently that the flat-grant program would both "stabilize outgoing expenditures" and "very seriously handicap" the welfare recipients' movement. With the movement weakened, the welfare system can presumably regularize the operation of its local centers, and re-establish effective control over the clients who depend on it. In the long run, too, welfare economies depend on such control.

Recipient leaders also understand that the flat-grant reform could cripple their movement. They know that it is their success in producing money that has built and emboldened their constituencies, and so a search is under way to find new means for prying loose substantial sums for substantial numbers of the welfare poor.

A tentative decision has been reached. In early fall, the movement plans to mount a "spend the rent" campaign. By using their rent money for other purposes, welfare clients can circumvent the flat grant. What the city saves by restricting grants for clothing and furniture, the clients can make up from the rent money which is included in their regular welfare checks. In any case, the condition of slum housing is cause enough for a rent strike, and the movement is likely to find many in the ghetto who will join in this new strategy.

Rent strikes have been tried before in New York, but have usually bogged down in cumbersome legalistic procedures. In the 1963-64 rent strike, for example, organizers tried to follow the complex statutes governing rent withholding. The law prescribed an elaborate bureaucratic course, and the courts interpreted the law rigidly. Judges admitted only the inspection records of the Department of Buildings as evidence of hazardous violations. To obtain those records, organizers had first to fill out forms, then arrange and follow up appointments for inspections, then check housing agency files to make sure that hazardous violations had in fact been posted. Meanwhile the organizers also had to make sure that rents withheld by tenants from the landlord were being collected and deposited in private escrow accounts. Finally, organizers had to shepherd tenants through the courts. And when they got there, it often turned out that violations were mysteriously missing from the official records. When the tenants lost in court, as they usually did, their escrow funds were turned over to the landlord; if by some chance they won, the money was turned over to the clerk of the court, to be given to the landlord after repairs were made. In no case did the tenants keep the money.

The bureaucratic rites by which housing repairs were to be exacted exhausted organizers and bewildered tenants. To make agency procedures work on your behalf you need money, expertise and political influence—resources which landlords possess and tenants do not. Thus landlords exploited the intricacies of bureaucratic procedure and the corruptibility of bureaucratic officials to evade or overcome the challenge from tenants. Even rare victories in the courts yielded tenants only minor—and short-lived—improvements. Since it could not produce repairs quickly or multiply them widely, the strike attracted few tenants and developed little political force.

Welfare leaders know by now not to repeat these mis-

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takes. First, they will tell people to keep the rent money and to spend it for clothing and household furnishings. There will be no escrow accounts. Then it will prepare tenants to meet retaliation on the stoop, not in the courtroom where they would lose. People will be trained in tactics to resist evictions, such as sitting on the furniture, crowding hallways so the furniture cannot be removed, and putting it back if it is removed. That the welfare clients' movement in New York is now strong enough, and bold enough, for such tactics should be evident from the recent flat-grant protests at City Hall, where mothers with children in their arms rushed police barricades and screamed angrily at policemen charging on horses.

The city hopes to stop the recurrent disorders in welfare centers by its flat-grant reform. But evictions will provoke street confrontations with the police and marshals, and may constitute an even greater threat to placidity in the ghettos. Ironically, if the welfare movement succeeds in mounting a widespread and prolonged rent strike, some of the credit will have to go to the "reform" which forced the movement to intensify its tactics, and angered the poor enough so that they were ready to take up the challenge.

HARRY GOLDEN

Jewish apathy is a frustrating, ever-present factor which clouds the future of Jewish-Negro relationships as the Negro fights for his place in the American society. That is the conclusion of a rabbinical student, Laurence Lauer, based on a ten-week study of the poor in Milwaukee's inner city. His report appeared in a story in the *National Jewish Post* (September 13).

Lauer served as an "intern" with a summer-liaison project, part of a program inaugurated by the Hebrew Union College-Jewish Institute of Religion; four cities, Milwaukee among them, accepted the students for the work. Lauer and his bride spent their honeymoon living in the Milwaukee central city, surrounded by heavily Negro population. He attended meetings of Negro organizations wherever he would be admitted, listened to the leaders airing their problems to the "establishment" or carrying the results of such conferences back to their people.

He thus reinforced his previous idea that so-called Negro anti-Semitism is basically only an anti-white attitude rather than something directed specifically against the Jew. On the other hand, the traditional role of Jewish civil rights organizations in bringing help to the Negro has made little or no impression on either the Negro or Jew, Lauer said. And he could find no ordinary Jewish citizens who seemed to care whether the Negro made progress or not. The Jewish community remains uncommitted, apart, unknowing and uninvolved.

This fact alone, he warned, will help to increase the gap between the Jewish community and Jewish youth, because today's educated young Jews are increasingly nonreligious and committed to aid the poor and the black.

In only a few instances did Lauer have occasion to approach Jewish merchants or citizens directly in the inner city, seeking help for the Negro. In one attempt he tried to get some merchants to invest idle funds in a Negro credit union formed to aid the poor. The merchants would not deposit funds because for the time being little or no interest was promised on savings, and he could convince no one that the effort would be good for the community. One merchant bragged of his relationships with Negroes, but Lauer noticed that he had surrounded his store entrances with the latest protection devices. Lauer felt that mistrust of the residents was being excessively advertised.

In 1955 I urged the B'nai B'rith to organize help for the Negro. I said that for the first time in 1,500 years we had an opportunity to fight for democracy in a situation where we are not the target of oppression, and that when you fight for others you build a wall of security around yourself. I urged them to put an ad in all the big papers of America saying that we Jews, as a community, would use our funds and our energies, and our social-action know-how in the fight for the Negro, because the Negro has indeed given the Jews a free ride, the biggest free ride in history. They have gone into the courts of America and proved that the Constitution means what it says. And in this respect they have served the Jews as well as all other Americans. This free ride hasn't cost the Jews anything.

At a lecture in Grossinger's a lady said to me, "Mr. Golden, why do you always talk about civil rights? What have the Negroes ever done for us? Anyway they are all anti-Semites."

I said, "Lady, as soon as the Negroes have a Grossinger's I'll stop talking about civil rights. And anyway a Negro anti-Semite is about as convincing as a Jewish white supremacist."

Lauer's complaint that the Jews are not interested in the Negro bespeaks the secularization of their religion. The rabbi has lost his classical function as a teacher, the laity has taken over. It was the same with the Protestant sects in the South when their churches backed away from the moral issue in 1954 and the ministers were told to "stick to religion, leave politics and controversial issues alone." How many Protestant clergymen lost their jobs because they said a word about the battle between 1955 and 1960 will never be known. I know of at least twenty who were fired.

If Lauer succeeds in awakening the Jewish community on behalf of the Negro he will have served the Negroes and America, but mostly he will have served the Jews.

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MISSION TO PARIS

TALKS WITH THE VIETNAMESE

MARILYN B. YOUNG
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Some time in early June, Dave Dellinger and Robert Greenblatt had discussed the possibility of holding a large peace conference of intellectuals in Paris. By late August the proposal was more modest: five American academics would, at their own expense, go to Paris and, meeting with the North Vietnamese delegation, discuss such matters as seemed fruitful to bring up. We were an oddly homogenous group despite differences in age, temperament, specific political approach and experience: Jonathan Mirsky, professor of Chinese at Dartmouth and head of its East Asia Center; George Kahin, head of Cornell University's Southeast Asia program; Douglas Dowd, professor of economics at Cornell; Howard Zinn, professor of political science at Boston University, and myself. What bound us together was a desire to make the trip serve the cause of peace in Vietnam. We were not likely to succeed where so many had failed, but the idea of merely exchanging pleasantries with the North Vietnamese appealed to none of us. We could not quite get rid of a deep hope that our trip would somehow make a difference. We wanted to get from the North Vietnamese a clear statement of their position, a confirmation of what many observers saw as de-escalation on their part, an understanding of why the peace talks were so hopelessly stalled and what might be done to propel them. We got all of these things. That it will make any difference remains to be seen.

The North Vietnamese live and work in a large compound which was once a school named after Maurice Thorez. It is in the suburb of Choissy-le-Roi, whose elegant mayoral residence is occupied by a Communist. Every afternoon at five o'clock the French car-pool drivers and the Vietnamese staff members play a vigorous game of volley ball. Throughout the day one hears the soft thud of *bocce* balls. The compound is a complete world: not a bit of Vietnam transferred to Paris (in our meeting room there were only a few Vietnamese objects, and they seemed to have been tacked upon the wall in much the way a lonely person tacks up pictures of his family), but an anonymous place which would retain no memories of the Vietnamese once they were gone. We asked Mr. Oanh, head of the North Vietnamese Peace Committee, if he had had much opportunity to enjoy Paris. His answer was brief: "No, I have too much work. Besides, what is there to see? Paris is a city like any other." Since we were, all of us, overwhelmed by the beauty of the city in this soft, late summer, the reply sounded almost like a rebuke. Being in Paris was no pleasure for Mr. Oanh, or for anyone else in that compound. It was an irrelevance; they wanted to go home.

Our first meeting took place on the afternoon of the day we arrived, September 5. It was a long, hard session of questions. The Vietnamese wished to know what was the meaning of Chicago; was there an alliance between McCarthy, McGovern and Kennedy, and would it continue even after Chicago; did the American public understand what was happening in Paris, and so on. We answered as best we could, describing Chicago and its possible consequences; the powerfully negative effect of the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia; the widespread confusion about the significance of the Paris talks; our speculation on Johnson's alternatives and likely choices. The Vietnamese listened politely, took notes, asked more specific questions, and then invited questions from us. These were carefully written down, assurances were given that there would be time to answer them in full, and we filed into an adjoining room for dinner.

The room was strictly functional and, except for an attractive photograph of Ho Chi Minh at his most patriarchal, without decoration. I sat next to a Southerner, Tran Cong Tuong, head of the Association of Vietnamese Lawyers, a plump and genial man whose very amiability misled me. He looked like the still affluent Shanghai exiles one meets in Hong Kong and Taipei, men whose ability to operate allows them to thrive against all adversity, men who delight, for reasons hard to fathom, in entertaining whatever Westerner they come across, however unimportant he may be. But when Mr. Tuong had finished heaping my plate with food, he began to talk about other conferences—at which he had been a delegate—Geneva in 1954 and again in 1962 over Laos. He spoke with wry bitterness of the closing session of the 1954 conference, when the head of each delegation rose to give his government's position. "Oh yes," Mr. Tuong said, "I will always remember Bedell Smith. . . . We knew then the difficulties ahead of us." I told Mr. Tuong that no more than a handful of Americans had then had any notion of the possible meaning of Bedell Smith's speech. He nodded silently. There was a pause during which he again overburdened my dinner plate. Then, rather suddenly, he told me that his wife had been killed by the French, that his second wife lived and worked in the jungle so as to avoid American bombs, that the history of his country had been one of war and death for so long. He left abruptly after dinner and I had no chance to tell him—what?—how sorry I was, how helpless?

After dinner Minister Xuan Thuy joined us briefly. Since the Vietnamese delegation worked closely as a committee he would leave the task of answering our questions to two members whom we had already met—Nguyen Thanh Le, principal spokesman for the delegation in Paris, and Nguyen Minh Vy, a deputy of the National Assembly. He wanted only to tell us, as friends, a few things. Thuy is a well-dressed, confident and compactly built man. His speech, even in translation, is succinct and forceful. He was eager to disabuse us of any notion that the Vietnamese were delaying the talks in the hope of getting a better deal from a new administration. The Viet-

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namese, Thuy explained, "have never accepted peace as a law of nature." They were ready to fight for as long as necessary. The issue, in Paris, was simple: the United States must unconditionally end all bombing and other acts of war against the North. As soon as that occurred, negotiations on substantive matters would begin. It made no sense to speak of the Vietnamese as deliberately delaying the talks. They awaited an *American* decision. Indeed, as far as Thuy could see, the platforms of the Republican and Democratic Parties on Vietnam were substantially the same; both reaffirming current Administration policy.

The basic themes we were to hear again and again from Vy and Le were laid out by Thuy that night. The North Vietnamese did not seek peace on any terms. A peace which looked to permanent partition or the continuation of a "new colonialism" through a puppet government in Saigon was no peace at all. Peace must be based on genuine independence and a respect for Vietnam's territorial integrity. Thuy, and the other members of his delegation, stressed that it was in such a peace as they sought that American honor lay. It was evident that, listening to the repeated demands by Johnson and others for an "honorable peace," the North Vietnamese had come to believe that the notion of national honor has great significance for the American people. It is a concept they well appreciate and they attempted to allay the American public's presumed concern.

Thuy insisted that his country respected America's honor and its people's long tradition of freedom. Vietnam had no desire to humiliate the United States. Indeed, how could a country as small as his humiliate a "great power"? No, Thuy reflected, only by making peace could American honor be served, only then could America escape the "onus of being a bully. . . . Johnson's notion of honor is not to withdraw but to stay in Vietnam. We cannot accept that. Johnson himself has lost America's honor." Vietnam, Thuy assured us, is a country which knows how to "behave correctly with those who are correct with us." The French had been fought and beaten, against all odds. Now relations between the two countries were good. It could be the same with America.

Thuy had brought an atmosphere of formality to the meeting which disappeared when he left. Our exhaustion was obvious and the Vietnamese agreed to meet with us again the next day, rather than attempt any further discussion that night. The second session lasted more than five hours, during which time Mr. Vy and Mr. Le answered our questions, interrupting each other in their desire to make their case plain, but turning aside our often clumsy efforts to get them to say more than they wished. Le is a thin, fragile, scholarly-looking man. He smiles easily and broadly but his speech is always calm, almost passive. Vy, a Southerner and descendant of princes, is quick and passionate. He speaks with large and insistent gestures. When he learned that George Kahin had been in South Vietnam recently, he began at once to ask questions—how did this look, or that? Then he sighed hugely. Vietnam, he explained, was one, yet he missed the South. Hue was "the most beautiful place I have ever seen. I don't know if it is as it was before. I don't see how it could resist the bombing." That was why, he continued, "this problem concerns us in our very hearts. And that it why it is absurd to demand conditions from us." Mr. Vy said he had heard that the people of the United States "cherished" the city of Boston. Yet Hue had been destroyed. How could Harriman continue to demand reciprocity? "We haven't touched even a needle or a thread of the United States."

Both Vy and Le discussed the issue of reciprocity at length. It is an important one for Americans to understand. The Vietnamese feel that they cannot grant reciprocity in return for a total bombing halt in the North. They maintain that they are the victims of a foreign intrusion and must, perforce, defend themselves *wherever* necessary. To trade off action in the South for a halt of bombing in the North would, step by step, grant the United States everything—without even negotiating. For we could, bit by bit, exchange de-escalation in the *North* for their reciprocal action in the *South*, without at all reducing our own military activities in that area. In the end, the United States would be, as it apparently wishes to be, in total control of the South. A truly reciprocal response to an end of bombing in North Vietnam would be an end to bombing in North America.

Only one other point was made with equal insistence: the Vietnamese had come to Paris for one purpose alone, to determine the time and manner of an unconditional halt to the bombing and other acts of war against the Democratic Republic of Vietnam. The United States had given the Vietnamese no reason to think that this was not clearly understood. Thus our agreement to go to Paris was taken as an implicit acceptance of the notion that the bombing would end. Instead, four months and twenty sessions later, there had been no progress whatsoever.

And during that period, the North Vietnamese had watched with growing distress the deliberate effort of the American delegation to "sow confusion" everywhere. For example, Vy complained, instead of concentrating on the single issue of bombing, Harriman had raised an aimless series of topics—restoration of the DMZ, a reduction of troop infiltration, respect for the neutrality of Laos and Cambodia, etc. *Mr. Vy did not object, in principle, to discussing any of these.* All were legitimate subjects for consideration—once the bombing had been halted. Mr. Le broke in to describe the intense efforts of the American delegation to get the Vietnamese to swallow reciprocity in one form or another. "It is like a man who can't eat cheese, and is offered Camembert when he has just refused Chèvres. Cheese is cheese."

What of de-escalation? Mr. Harriman frequently told them of President Johnson's major de-escalatory move on March 31. In fact, Mr. Vy explained, Johnson had simply realized that bombing all of North Vietnam had not proved effective. His calculation, ingenious if brutal, was to concentrate and intensify the bombing on a smaller area. Nor was the restricted area an unpopulated wasteland, as the American people had apparently been led to believe. More than 4 million people lived between the 17th and 20th Parallels, 25 per cent of the total population. Later, Mr. Le gave us statistics on the bombing "frenzy" currently under way. Before March 31, the average monthly

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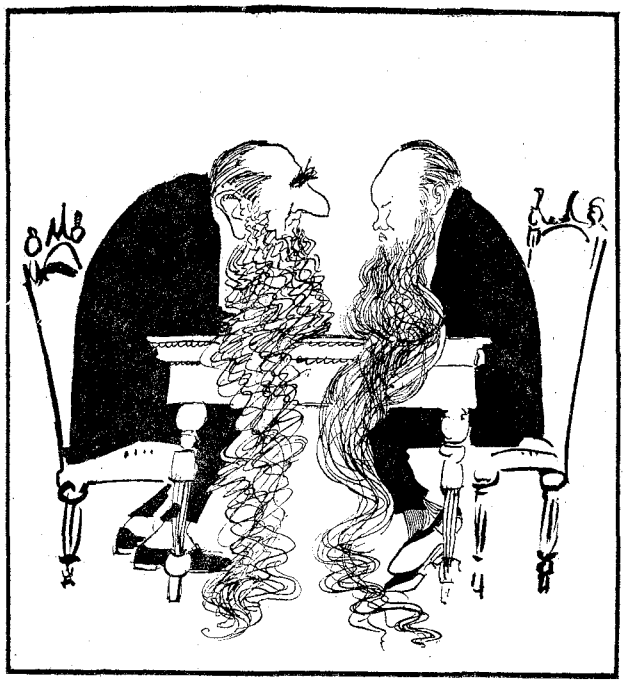
bombing raids on all of North Vietnam were 2,500. By May, raids between the 17th and 20th Parallels alone numbered 4,700 and by August, 6,500. The tonnage of explosive bombs dropped monthly showed a similar increase, from 21,000 in May to 73,000 by the end of July. In August, 211 out of 426 villages in Nghe An were bombed, in Ha Tinh, 217 out of 250 villages were hit, in Quang Binh, 124 out of 131, and all twenty-three villages of the small province of Vinh Linh near the DMZ were bombed. Coinciding with the harvest season, anti-personnel fragmentation bombs increased from 250,000 in May to 1,350,000 in August. Doing a quick calculation, Professor Dowd remarked to me that over the four-month period (May to August) one fragmentation bomb had been dropped for every man, woman and child living between those Parallels.*



H. Zander, Toronto Star

Mr. Vy noted that instead of allowing the "majority of Vietnamese to sleep tranquilly," as he had assured the American people he would, Mr. Johnson had escalated the war not only in the North but in the South. There had been an increase in B-52 attacks, 40,000 additional American troops had arrived, the Thai contingent was reinforced, and the South Vietnamese army had similarly been increased. To claim, as Johnson did, that these moves had been planned before May and therefore could not be taken as escalation, was absurd. Plans can always be canceled.

Looking angry and puzzled, Mr. Vy said he was "uneasy" about President Johnson. Why did he distort everything so completely? Why was a guerrilla who threw a grenade called a terrorist, "while B-52s are carpet-bombing in the North and the South and no one calls the man who sent them a terrorist? If we Vietnamese call this bombing a barbarous act, we are accused of misusing the language."

The proper use of language is important to the Vietnamese. Having, as forcefully as possible, established the right of all Vietnamese to defend themselves anywhere in their country, having dismissed as utterly unacceptable any possibility of reciprocity, they were ready to point to recent actions in South Vietnam as evidence of their "good will." Only in this context did they discuss, and stress, events in the South. Early in June, Mr. Le told us, Harriman had made ambiguous reference to the possibility that a halt in the rocketing of Saigon might lead to the cessation of American bombing. For sixty-six days, beginning on June 21, those rocket attacks did cease; but the only American response was an intensification of the air war, North and South.

Le's plain statement that the rocketing of Saigon had been halted as an "act of good will" is of major importance. Moreover, the Vietnamese asked us to consider the meaning of American casualty statistics. In early May they had averaged between 400 and 500 per week. During June, July and August, the figure dropped to about 100, despite an increase in American sweeps in the Mekong Delta and elsewhere. "Tell the people the truth as it is," Vy insisted. Only "obstinacy" prevents Johnson from seeing the "objective reality of the situation in the South."

In response to our questions, Mr. Le discussed Edward Kennedy's speech of August 21 (we met before Arthur Goldberg's statement, which would have served a similar purpose). Both Le and Vy expressed approval of Kennedy's approach to the problem. He had understood, and they cited his words, that the United States must "make an end to this war, not five or ten years from now; not after the expenditure of another $100 billion and the lives of another 25,000 of our finest sons; but as quickly as it is physically possible to reach the essential agreements. . . . Specifically, our government should undertake as soon as possible: first, to end unconditionally all bombing of North Vietnam." As for Kennedy's other points, the Vietnamese were more than ready to discuss them, and any other questions, when the bombing and other acts of war (naval bombardment, etc.) ended.

"The United States," Le said quietly, "cannot subdue us. We have lived under the French and the Japanese and know the fate of those who lose their independence. We have gone through days when we lived as cattle, without permitting ourselves to stand up straight in front of our oppressors. But since 1945 we have stood up and 'under our feet is the soil and above us the heavens.'" Vietnam was one country. The retention of a puppet government in the South would not be tolerated. (How, Vy wished to know, did Johnson square his sense of honor with his support of—and words failed him for a moment—hooligans and scoundrels like Thieu and Ky?) Self-determination could not occur under the guns of foreign troops. As the NLF had repeatedly stressed, questions concerning South Vietnam alone would be dealt with by the South Viet-

*The figures given are from North Vietnamese sources, but we were reminded by Mr. Le that Secretary of Defense Clifford had, before a Congressional committee, confirmed that the number of sorties flown over the North had doubled to a figure of 10,000 since the President's announcement.

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namese. The issue of reunification, a different order of problem, would be discussed by both North and South.

It was almost eight o'clock in the evening and none of us had eaten. The session was clearly drawing to a close. For the first time I was reminded that the North Vietnamese were Communists as well as nationalists. Full of good feeling for us, they tried to reassure us. As intellectuals we had had the "righteousness and straightforwardness" to oppose the war. In some circumstances "intellectuals play an important and glorious role." We were not, in short, to feel badly about our class background.

"The struggle for the truth," a Vietnamese proverb runs, "is itself the truth." A comforting thought, if human lives did not hang on it. We drove through the quiet streets of Choissy-le-Roi to the light and movement of Paris. The North Vietnamese had stated their case with precision, with a minimum of rhetoric, with understanding for the peculiarities of the American situation. For hours we worked on a statement which, as simply as possible, set forth their position to the American public. Confident that, after all, we were bringing back something which would justify the trip, we held a press conference in New York. We made three points:

(*1*) The North Vietnamese had come to Paris with the clear understanding that the first step would be to determine quickly the date upon which all United States bombing and other acts of war against the North would stop, and that only then would substantive talks take place. The American decision to come to Paris signified for the North Vietnamese a readiness on the part of the United States to stop the bombing. Instead there had been a steady escalation of the war since May.

(*2*) While rejecting reciprocity, the North Vietnamese have recently taken significant steps to show their desire to move forward to substantive negotiations. As evidence of this, their delegation pointed to the sixty-six-day halt in the rocketing of Saigon and the dramatic decrease in American casualties between May and September.

(*3*) Like Senator Kennedy, they stressed that the cessation of the bombing, since it would lead directly to substantive negotiations on peace, would save American lives, not risk them.

Four reporters listened to us. Two took notes, plainly skeptical that what we said had any news value; a third was so unaware of the issues that he couldn't seem to take notes at all, and the fourth began to debate with us the legitimacy of the war. Afterward, there was a brief but successful C.B.S.-TV interview. Our statement has received only scant newspaper coverage. Our TV interview was never put on the air. A major part of the American people continues to believe that Vietnamese obstinancy alone holds up the talks, that on March 31, Johnson substantially reduced the bombing, that the Vietnamese, foolishly, postpone progress in vain hope of a change on the American political scene.

The Vietnamese, who are fond of proverbs, offered us one as we left: Lies first ruin their author. That may be, but while the lies go on, Vietnam is being destroyed—and so, perhaps, is the United States.

SOCIALIST CONFERENCE

SEARCH FOR RELEVANCE

MARVIN E. GETTLEMAN

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The Socialist Scholars Conference, founded in 1964 by a group of Rutgers historians, held its fourth annual meeting at the university's New Brunswick campus from September 7 to 9. The original call had been for a conference of "scholars who share a Socialist perspective." No rigid definition of membership was established. "We do not propose to examine closely anyone's credentials. Whoever thinks he might be at home or interested will be welcome." Many hundreds of interested persons did gather in early September, 1965, at Columbia University to participate in the first Socialist Scholars Conference. In 1966 and 1967, meetings were again held, and increased attendance attested to the revived interest in socialism. (See "What Is a Socialist?" by James O'Connor, *The Nation*, October 4, 1965, and "Marx and Shame: Socialism Today" by Harvey Swados, *The Nation*, October 10, 1966.)

The meetings followed the format of such other scholarly bodies as the American Historical Association and the Modern Language Association, where formal papers and commentators make up the panels. Over the years, conference papers and discussions have covered a wide variety of subjects: working-class life and poverty, American conservatism, literary realism, the media, the welfare state, origins of the cold war, blacks in the United States, the Marxist-Catholic dialogue, Marxian theory, radicals and hippies. Many of these have subsequently appeared in such journals as *Monthly Review*, *Science and Society*, *Partisan Review*, the now defunct *Studies on the Left* and in a number of anthologies.

Despite the importance and excellence of much of this scholarship, dissatisfaction with the conference has begun to develop. A number of groups on the left have complained that their particular "tendency" was inadequately represented; they were not mollified on being informed that the conference's policy is to invite participants not on the basis of factional representation but rather on that of demonstrated scholarly talent. Scores of people criticized the decision to hold the 1966 and 1967 conferences in

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hotels. As hippie activist Abby Hoffman put it during the third conference at the New York Hilton: "You can't tell the Socialists from the capitalists." However, this choice was forced upon the organizers by the refusal of many universities in the New York area to provide facilities.

The steering committee wisely returned the conference to an academic setting in 1968, although it meant moving out of New York City. Also, this year, an ambitious attempt was made to organize the conference around a unifying theme—"The Socialist Perspective in the Advanced Countries." The program included panel discussion on five topics: the role of intellectuals in social change, the history of the American working class, Black Power and socialism, the contemporary working class and neo-capitalism, and a final provocative session devoted to exploring the preconditions for a mass Socialist party in the United States. The smaller attendance at the Rutgers meeting (about 550 compared with more than 2,000 in 1966) made possible lengthy discussions of the issues raised, with extensive audience participation. Debate was vigorous, if not always on a high scholarly plane.

One subject that generated particular interest this year was the role of the contemporary working class in the advanced countries. Ernest Mandel, a Belgian Marxist scholar and journalist, predicted that this class, eclipsed for the past two decades, would soon reassume the revolutionary role assigned to it by Marx. Most of Mandel's empirical evidence came from the events in France during last May and June, in which he himself was so active as to be expelled from the country. Mandel's theoretical assumptions derived from the Marxian concept of alienation —the situation of the worker who is forced to sell his labor as a commodity. None of the changes in the conditions of work since Marx's time (the shift to white collar, the service jobs, the increased wages) has fundamentally altered man's relation to the productive process. In Mandel's view, the basic work situation in advanced capitalist countries still results in a dissatisfaction that under certain circumstances may become revolutionary discontent.

Mandel's interpretation, based partly upon "faith" and "confidence" in the ultimate revolutionary destiny of the working class, did not go unchallenged. It was argued that automation has rendered this class obsolescent. Another critic doubted that advanced capitalism would fall into the serious troubles that Mandel's predictions assumed. Mandel responded with data and conclusions drawn from his experience and close examination of the French uprisings. Strikers there not only occupied factories but raised demands for worker control of the productive process. Such demands were inherently revolutionary. Of course, the French "revolution" of May-June was contained by the adroit maneuvers of the de Gaulle regime, aided by the conservatism of established trade union leadership and the Communist party. Nevertheless, Mandel saw these events as proof that the industrial working class could still exert revolutionary influence. His analysis was rich with historical allusions and subtle political insights. He did not apply Marxian concepts mechanically but in a stirring and creative manner which pointed clearly to the political work that Socialists need to do in the decades ahead. His presentation was the high point of the Rutgers conference.

Mandel's participation in this year's conference continued a policy of inviting distinguished European Socialists to the meetings. In 1967, two Soviet scholars, Yuri Zemoshkin and Timur Timofeev of the Institute of the World Labor Movement in Moscow, delivered papers. That year also, Owen Lattimore, now at the University of Leeds, spoke elegantly on contemporary Asia at the dinner meeting. In 1966, the late Isaac Deutscher, biographer of Trotsky and Stalin and the author of many books on Soviet affairs, gave a memorable talk "On Socialist Man." Thus, one of the major functions of the conference has been to reaffirm Socialist internationalism by bringing the European and American movements closer together.

Mandel this year and Isaac Deutscher in 1966 both called for intensive effort to win the working class to socialism, but in the United States many Socialists have written off the workers as hopelessly wedded to the capitalist *status quo*. Special characteristics of American workers which engender this pessimism about their revolutionary role were discussed in a conference session on "New Thoughts on the Historiography of the American Working Class." Prof. Herbert Gutman of the University of Rochester offered a provocative analysis of the enduring pattern of conflict and violence within American labor history. He suggested that in most industrializing countries, as for example England, "the painful transition from a preindustrial to an industrial society occurred once, dominated the ethos of an entire era, and then faded in relative importance. But the United States has continually absorbed and sought to transform preindustrial peoples at each stage of its development." The protracted process of incorporating ever new ethnic strata into the work force has produced cultural tensions often resulting in strife.

Gutman saw the widespread violence that has been endemic in American labor history as flowing largely from conflict between workers nurtured in a nonindustrial discipline and the rational regimen of the modern factory. From this perspective, intraclass conflict, as well as struggle between worker and boss, are placed in the wider context of the evolution of American society. Lack of class-conscious militancy is the natural result of a repeatedly re-enforced heterogeneity of the working class. Gutman developed his thesis with a wealth of empirical data, reading excerpts from letters, writings and official reports, ranging over whole epochs in American history—and losing some of his audience in the web of his subtle argument.

Gutman's commentators questioned his emphasis on the protracted ethnic adjustment that accompanied industrialization here. Melvin Dubofsky of the University of Massachusetts doubted that such a sharp distinction could be made between the multiple process of acculturation of the working class in the United States and the allegedly one-shot process in a country like England. Another critic, Philip Foner of Lincoln University, protested Gutman's strictures on labor historians, whom he had charged with too exclusive focus on the trade union movement, and consequent neglect of cultural and ethnic factors. Foner suggested that the accusation could be better laid against labor leaders, particularly Samuel Gompers of the

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AFL, who systematically neglected foreign elements in the working class, not to speak of American Negroes.

Vigorous discussion of Gutman's paper followed at luncheon on Saturday among Foner, Dubofsky and the author himself. They made no attempt to involve the audience in this private debate. Nor did they make evident the relevance of Gutman's interpretation to the contemporary scene. None of the issues raised by Ernest Mandel about the revolutionary role of workers was discussed, although an abstract of Mandel's paper was available before the conference. Nor did anyone mention a paper delivered to the first Socialist Scholars Conference in 1965 by Princeton sociologist Richard Hamilton on rural and preindustrial survivals in contemporary working classes. Hamilton's work anticipated many of the conclusions that were implicit in Gutman's paper but never made really explicit. This failure to build on earlier Socialist scholarship testifies to the isolation in which American Socialists still operate, and which the conference was intended to dispel.

And isolation in another context was the source for much of the criticism directed at this year's conference. Although its original task of creating a body of radical theory and analysis for the contemporary situation has barely begun, the Socialist Scholars Conference this year was called upon by many of the young political activists present to undertake yet additional responsibility. They demanded that the conference become more "relevant." The word "relevance" came up continually and was used to define what some thought was missing in this year's display of Socialist scholarship.

The panel on "The Role of the Intellectuals in Social Change" precipitated much of the activist criticism. Papers by Christopher Lasch of Northwestern University and Warren Susman of Rutgers both presented the case for intellectual autonomy and a scholarly role of relative detachment. Their papers stressed the cultural aspects of the struggle to transform America, and they set the tone for much of the conference. If any overall perspective on socialism in the advanced countries emerged, it was the priority of the "cultural front." The session on the working class, as said above, explored the clash of cultures. Even the panel on Black Power and socialism had an essentially cultural focus. Harold Cruse's new book, *The Crisis of the Negro Intellectual*, which deals largely with the need to build an authentic black culture, was discussed. (Cruse was attacked for adopting a simple model of ethnic group conflict to explain American society, and insisting that Socialist ideas should be excluded from the new black consciousness.) Even Ernest Mandel referred to the need for intellectual struggle to combat the "mystifying" cultural apparatus of capitalism. But Lasch and Susman made most explicit the notion of the priority of cultural effort for radical intellectuals, and it was their formulation that came in for most vehement abuse. Some even maintained that portly, witty, scholarly Prof. Warren Susman was "the enemy."

It was evident that dissatisfaction with the content of the Socialist Scholars Conference was only part of what was troubling the younger activists. Many of them, fresh from the battles at Columbia University or in Mayor Daley's Chicago, found Socialist scholarship too remote from their day-to-day concerns in the movements. (By way of startling contrast, right-wing journalist, Alice Widener, writing in *Barron's* business and financial weekly, discovered that the conference was the seat of America's "revolutionary Marxist brain trust," actively plotting imminent insurrection.)

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At its worst, the activist criticism amounted to a crude attack on the life styles of academic radicals, and brought to the surface deeply anti-intellectual tendencies in the New Left. But it also demonstrated that over the past four years the Socialist Scholars Conference has created a constituency of nonacademic activists, younger teachers and graduate students. At the business meeting this year, a large contingent of these people, including some of the most vehement critics of the conference, was enrolled in the steering committee. Future annual meetings promise to have a more activist cast.

The polarization between academic intellectuals and movement activists dampened the reception of a call for a new mass Socialist party in the United States. James Weinstein, former editor of *Studies on the Left*, made this proposal at the final conference session on Sunday morning. The past failure of socialism in America, he observed, was not simply a failure to seize power (there had never been a moment when that was dimly possible), but the inability to sustain in popular consciousness the image of a socialism that was appropriate to an advanced industrial society. In his important recent book, *The Decline of Socialism in America*, Weinstein has analyzed that failure. A new party organization, free of entanglement with any of the now existing Socialist sects, could best reverse the trend and make socialism a vital force in the United States.

Underlying Weinstein's appeal—and indeed underlying this whole conference on "The Socialist Perspective in the Advanced Countries"—is the poignant fact that socialism has come to power so far only in underdeveloped countries, most notably China and Czarist Russia. In these places, the building of a humane socialism has been distorted by the need to complete the economic tasks of the preceding (capitalist) epoch. The goal now is to fulfill the original Marxian vision of a mature socialism emerging in an advanced industrial society, where the process of capital accumulation is complete and where democratic traditions still have validity. There will be no need then for political and economic authoritarianism. If the Socialist Scholars Conference can begin to awaken such a vision, and specify the conditions for its fulfillment, it will have made a contribution not only to understanding the world but also to transforming it.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Solzhenitsyn: Ring of Truth

THE FIRST CIRCLE. *By Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn. Translated from the Russian by Thomas P. Whitney. Harper & Row. 580 pp. $10.*

DONALD FANGER
The author of Dostoevsky and Romantic Realism *(Harvard University Press), Mr. Fanger is professor of Slavic and comparative literature at Stanford University.*

Ortega once wrote that a work of art yields not to frontal attack, but to him who sets out to take it like Jericho. He was speaking of *Don Quixote* and, as it turned out, his circlings led him through questions concerning nothing less than the nature of literature and the very fate of Spain.

Solzhenitsyn's new novel (begun in 1955, completed in 1964) invites a like approach, though for very different reasons. Socially and humanly complex, it is not artistically complex—not "modern"—so the challenge it poses is not to say what it is or how it works, but rather to see it adequately and truly, to find a proper perspective. Here the difficulties cluster: history and politics have mined the circumference of Jericho.

The difficulties are partly literary but mainly extra-literary. They begin with the fact that *The First Circle*—whether or not the rumors are true that the KGB sent the manuscript abroad as a provocation—has been published in the West, but not in Russia. This immediately makes it a political event in a special sense, hurting the author at home, where his protests against foreign publication go unreported*; inevitably complicating our own responses, and involving us willy-nilly in the campaign against him, because our public reactions will be used to justify keeping the book from its first and true audience.

In its fate, then, as in its high seriousness, *The First Circle* resembles *Doctor Zhivago*. Both works are pitched precisely to the experience and awareness of the Soviet citizen, in an attempt to clear the air by truth-telling. An author need not be "right" to do this; disputes about the validity of Pasternak's view of history cannot touch the basic artistic validity of his novel. His book, like Solzhenitsyn's, seems to be aiming at a kind of radical moral therapy, by treating national traumas in terms that cut through all the usual abstractions, sophistries and silences in order to reassert the primacy of intimate, individual human experience, of those basic things which alone can command unqualified credence and assent. But there the likeness ends. Pasternak's novel was artistically eccentric and sophisticated, its ultimate themes death and immortality. Solzhenitsyn's novel is squarely in the tradition of Tolstoy, accessible without difficulty to the common reader (that, presumably, is why Surkov, who led the attack on *Doctor Zhivago* ten years ago, calls Solzhenitsyn's works in general "more dangerous")—and its subject is the ugliest, postwar stage of Stalinism.

The title is from Dante's *Inferno*, the first circle being that privileged section of hell reserved for wise men whose only offense was to have been born in pre-Christian times. Solzhenitsyn's narrative centers on the inmates of an institution representing the first circle within the Stalinist prison system—a *sharashka* or scientific research institute, staffed with specialists drawn from the more brutal labor camps. Here the prisoners are granted certain amenities (sheets, cigarettes, meat at dinner) and immunities (no beatings, no hard physical labor), the better to exploit their talents. The *sharashka* in question, on the outskirts of Moscow, is engaged at the end of 1949 in two of Stalin's pet projects—an automatic telephone encoder, and a device for identifying the voices in recorded telephone conversations.

Success at such work may mean early release; but promises are unreliable, and in any case success is all but precluded by unrealistic deadlines, absurd regulations and the impossibility anywhere along the line of speaking the simple truth. This is perhaps the main continuum in the book: the absolutely hopeless, vicious circle of absurdity. One prisoner, an engineer who had refused to work with the Germans, received a ten-year sentence on his return to Russia: another engineer who did work for the Germans also got ten years. "That was Stalin's signature—that magnificent equating of friends and enemies which made him unique in all human history." When the aging, paranoid dictator is himself introduced, in a section that is at once more savage and more humane than any of Tolstoy's depictions of despots, the reader is told: "His first thought always was: how far can this person be trusted? And his second: has not the moment come for this person to be liquidated?" Small wonder that the prisoners of his system can argue, heatedly and earnestly, about the point in a man's life when it is best to be imprisoned. There is no escape.

Solzhenitsyn's novel is—like the novels of Tolstoy—lateral and cumulative in its effect, formed from a series of interlocking portraits, of separate arrested fates. These may be ultimately exemplary, but none of the characters exists simply to show or prove something. The emphasis throughout is on what the author calls at one point "the whole astounding world of an individual human being." Even Stalin, whose megalomania requires that entirely successful performance be ascribable to him alone, thus insuring muddle and mediocrity everywhere down the line, is pictured in a final vignette as a terrified, empty old man: "Growing old like a dog. An old age without friends. An old age without love. An old age without desire."

And even Stalin is presented as not merely an actor in the present time of the novel, but in terms of his own past and evolution. Each of the several dozen characters is individuated biographically as well as temperamentally, his past invoked to give perspective and resonance to his present situation; each is the center of another, possible novel. The lines of implication run from Stalin and his security minister, Abakumov, through the bosses of the *sharashka*—Yakonov, struggling to hide his own former imprisonment; Roitman, about to fall victim to the new campaign of anti-Semitism; Myshkin and Shikin, careerists jealous of each other—to the prisoners themselves.

And from the prisoners—the humane philologist Rubin, unable to reconcile his experience with the party loyalty to which he clings; Kondrashev, the prison artist pursuing a dream of perfection; Doronin, the happy-go-lucky drifter who signs up as an informer to expose the other informers; Spiridon, the janitor, who comes to incarnate the stubborn virtues of the peasantry; Sologdin, the brilliant engineer, anticipating release but capable, for the sake of integrity, of

*He has also expressed concern over hasty and inept translations. This one can at best be called uneven. Dialogue is frequently wooden, and the narration is apt to lack nuance, grace and sometimes clarity.

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renouncing it—from these and others the ties of relationship lead to portraits of people on the outside.

There are wives and families, in Moscow, in the villages, existing tenuously as persecution intensifies and the lines of hope go slack. The reader moves through the dormitories of the University, and learns of such necessities as the expunging of the names of foreigners from dissertations. He is given fascinating glimpses into the psychology and way of life of the rich and privileged postwar elite— a subject, to my knowledge, seldom treated in Soviet literature and never before with such fullness. Solzhenitsyn introduces a famous novelist and a rising young critic (who "did not so much write himself as reject other writers"); indeed, in a chapter written with appalling high spirits he presents a Mrs. R. (Roosevelt?), for whose visit a "model" prison cell is temporarily constructed, complete with tablecloth, cigarettes, icon, priest in residence, specially washed and absolutely astonished inmates.

It will be clear from this incomplete catalogue that the book is really more an anatomy than a story. Solzhenitsyn deliberately refuses to impose a preconceived shape or order on his material, beyond limiting it to four days in December of 1949. So he makes no attempt to point up the horror of this life; quite the contrary, even horror is resolved into its simplest, mundane constituents. (The horror, one character ruminates, "lies in the gray methodology of years. . . . *Your thoughts* occupied with how you can grab the heel of the loaf rather than the middle from the prison tray; how you can get untorn underwear that will not be too small at the next bath.") So also the novel contains few events, properly speaking.

The semblance of a plot attaches to Innokenty Volodin, a diplomat; the book opens with his telephoning an eminent doctor to warn him against a frameup. It is the first hesitant ethical act of Volodin's hedonistic young life. The call is intercepted, Volodin's voice recorded and sent to the *sharashka* for identification. The doctor, needless to say, is arrested; so too—three days and 500 pages later—is Volodin, with a feeling of relief: Now there is "nothing more to fear, nothing more to fight against, no more need to pretend."

He has fallen, paradoxically, into the only kind of freedom possible in this world. It has nothing to do with action; it is an existential freedom, the conscious repossession of one's integrity, and it is the fundamental good in Solzhenitsyn's world. The engineer Bobynin found it in prison, and so can taunt Minister Abakumov: "what else is there you can threaten me with? What can you deprive me of?" Incidental characters like Captain Schagov found it in the war: "In roadside ditches, in washed-out trenches, among the ruins of burned houses he learned the value of a can of soup, an hour of quiet, the meaning of true friendship, of life itself."

And the more fortunate of the book's main characters undergo this quintessentially Tolstoyan experience. Volodin, who up to the eve of his arrest has been conscious only of the truth that you have but one life, comes to sense "a new law, in himself and in the world; you also have only one conscience." Even Roitman, a major in the MGB, is brought to ask: "Where should one begin to set the world aright? With others? Or with oneself?"

The chief spokesman for the author, standing to Solzhenitsyn as Levin does to Tolstoy in *Anna Karenina*, is Gleb Nerzhin, a brilliant 31-year-old mathematician. It is he who indicates the moral axiom behind all these portraits in reflecting on "the Tolstoyan teaching that no one in the world is just and no one guilty." It is he who seeks "to resolve in prison everything he had not been able to decide about in freedom," who is driven from his own field into that of history in an attempt to account for Stalin and Stalinism.

Nerzhin's fate is sealed early in the book, when he refuses to cooperate on a cryptography project, and renounces indignantly the prospect of the pardon which cooperation might buy. He will settle for nothing less than truth and justice—and so at the end he is transported back to the camps, having destroyed the clandestine manuscript which he has been living for years to complete.

This refusal to deny the core of one's authenticity is echoed by a few others in the book. Trapped in an absurd game (and Solzhenitsyn, like Tolstoy, delights in underlining absurdities), they refuse finally to play. They are the "saints," whose quixotic stubbornness offers the only ground for faith in the possibility of a juster future.

In sureness of touch, brilliance of observation, depth of moral concern and breadth of sympathy—in the ring of truth he achieves—Solzhenitsyn does, as I have tried to make clear, bear comparison with Tolstoy. The likeness might, in fact, serve as the basis for an extended essay. In the present context, however, it suggests one uneasy question about the ability of realism, a hundred years after Tolstoy, to deal with such subject matter. It is not simply that Tolstoy's characters are free to work out their destinies, whereas for Solzhenitsyn's all the conclusions are foregone; the sense of no exit and the immobility of hell that dominate *The First Circle* are as appropriate as they are powerful, given the author's initial strategy.

The question is how well that strategy can serve even a major writer, after all that the literature of the past fifty years has accustomed us to. One may be troubled by a suspicion that the themes treated here by now require not so much to be realistically dramatized as somehow encompassed and mastered—and that the language of everyday life may no longer suffice for the purpose. At this point in history, it may be that some metalanguage is needed to deal freshly with such numbing enormities.

And here one feels the false position again. To pursue these questions at such a moment seems as plainly impossible as not to raise them at all. *The First Circle* is a very great achievement—for us to value, but not to fault. It is for us—but not in the first place.

The Poor Specialists

CULTURE AND POVERTY: Critique and Counter Proposals. *By Charles A. Valentine. The University of Chicago Press. 216 pp. $5.95.*

NAN PENDRELL
Mrs. Pendrell is associate professor of anthropology at Chatham College, Pittsburgh.

Mr. Valentine describes his essay as "ambitious" and I am glad to say that he is quite right. It is also provocative and should raise hackles in the right places, among social scientists and anti-poverty programmers. Especially provocative is Valentine's handling of Oscar Lewis' concept, "the culture of poverty" and to his working-over of Daniel P. Moynihan. Valentine's thesis is that many (if not all) social science interpretations of poverty have had a "pernicious net effect" on social policy. Hence they must be countered by alternative interpretations, free of class bias and of the pervasive confusion of class and color categories.

The book begins with a rather conventional explication of "culture" as a system of symbols—internalized rules of the game—that ought to be conceptualized as distinct from "society," which is a structure of institutional arrange-

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ments. The concepts of a "self-perpetuating lower class" and an "international culture of poverty" then come under attack, and are followed by an overview of "accepted notions of the poor," and an outline for "new understandings." The concluding section of the central essay presents "alternative views of poverty and the poor, present and future." Anti-poverty policy proposals are made in a postscript that precedes an appendix which is surely the first comprehensive—probably too comprehensive—urban "ethnographic research design" to appear in print.

Valentine's criticisms of the Moynihan thesis are equaled in incisiveness only by the authors of *Black Rage*, in which Doctors Grier and Cobbs establish the vacuity of myths about the so-called "weak Negro family." In 5 pages Valentine develops a masterly analysis of the essentially retrograde nature of Moynihan's proposals for a federal program of family or children's allowances. A main thrust of Valentine's policy proposals is that the central connotation of poverty in the United States is inequality, since poverty contradicts the crux of American ideology, which is said to be equality. This may have *An American Dilemma* as its referent; Myrdal too appears to regard equality as the significant variable in the national ideology; hence the dilemma, the gap between ideal and real behavior. The premise may not be valid, but who would argue with a definition of poverty as inequality?

Nor can there be substantive objections to Valentine's "anti-inequality" specifics: massive restructuring of federal, state and local policy to incorporate "positive discrimination" in favor of the poor; predominant local power and genuinely effective participation of the poor in decision making; genuinely effective measures to compel compliance. These proposals are far superior to others within the genre of last-ditch writing; but already they may have passed into the realm of the penultimate. Valentine is aware of this. He wonders whether there is "any hope for the black masses other than a vision of Black Power somehow to be forged from their collective internal strength," whether after all, "class warfare and revolution may be the only solution for the poor."

Valentine cannot be criticized if his policy proposals should prove to be too late but, unfortunately, he can be, on other grounds. For example, despite his high regard for the work of Oscar Lewis, he somehow conveys the impression that Lewis is the source of errors perpetrated by those at whom Valentine directs his sharpest, and often very acute criticisms: Nathan Glazer, Moynihan, Walter Miller, David Matza, Charles Keil, Thomas Gladwin. This may be because Valentine appears to credit Lewis with original sin: the invention of the phrase "the culture of poverty." Much of Valentine's dissatisfaction with Lewis' term stems from his belief that what Lewis calls the "culture of poverty" is actually a "subculture." But Lewis does not claim more for the concept:

> In my writings it is the label for a specific conceptual model that describes in positive terms a *subculture*, a way of life handed on from generation to generation along family lines. (My emphasis.)

Lewis repeats this in the introduction to *La Vida* where he refers to the "subculture of poverty," and in a footnote, he states: "While the term subculture of poverty is technically more correct, I have used 'culture of poverty' as a shorter form." Much of *Black Rage* supports Lewis' contention that the subculture of poverty is maintained across the generations, not merely by exploitation and discrimination but also by enculturation and socialization. However, Grier and Cobbs go far beyond Lewis by relating their case histories concretely to historical and contemporary racism and exploitation of the black masses.

Valentine's quotations from Lewis' works are sometimes oddly truncated. I shall give but one of several instances of the resulting distortion. Following his discussion of Lewis' description of the "culture of poverty" as lacking integration "in the major institutions of the larger society," Valentine cites Lewis as follows: "This is a complex matter and results from a variety of factors which may include . . . fear, suspicion, or apathy. . . ." Contrast this with the full statement: "This is a complex matter and results from a variety of factors which may include lack of *economic resources, segregation* and *discrimination*, fear, suspicion, or apathy. . . . (My emphasis.)

Such excision reflects a strain to depict Lewis as mistaking a variable (the subculture) for the total system. But the evidence is rather that Lewis does relate the subculture to the environing milieu. For example, he emphasizes that "chronic unemployment and under-employment" are factors that lead to the "reduced possibility of effective participation in the larger system" (*La Vida*). More seriously, Valentine rejects Lewis' contention that it is easier to eliminate poverty than to eliminate the "culture of poverty." But surely Lewis is only restating the Marxist principle of superstructural lag: Relations of production may be changed more definitively than ideological and value systems. He also objects strongly to Lewis' focus on the family as the study unit. One wonders whether he would be content with the family as the unit, if Lewis had linked his families more concretely to the larger system? Probably not, since he opts for "community" study, although as he knows there are enormous difficulties with this concept too; perhaps that is why Lewis has chosen to focus on the family.

The question is not Lewis' choice of unit, but whether more significant generalizations can be drawn from family studies. Lewis has been criticized elsewhere (*Current Anthropology*) for his failure to interpret the autobiographical materials adequately, but Valentine suggests additionally that Lewis exhibits undue confidence in current social service solutions.

I cannot conclude without pointing to another instance of the misinterpretation of original texts. In refuting Lewis' characterization of the "culture of poverty" as lacking organization, Valentine points to William Mangin who is said to have found that "squatter settlements around Latin American cities manifest a high degree of community organization." He regards this as evidence for "well-defined community structures among the urban poor." Here is Mangin's statement from *Latin American Research Review*:

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I believe existing evidence indicates that inhabitants of squatter settlements are *less* alienated from the national state, and *more involved with each other than are residents of city slums* . . . . One of the reasons for this *difference* is that squatters can constantly see around them a major accomplishment of their own, i.e., the seizure of land *and the creation of a community*. (My emphasis.)

Mangin emphatically specifies that he wishes to lay to rest the widely held identification of Latin American urban squatters with slum dwellers and Valentine's point here must go the way of this myth. Far too little is known about relationships between Latin American urban squatters and slum dwellers. Squatters frequently successfully defend their interests as putative home owners despite sporadic attempts to dislodge them. Slum dwellers are of course rent payers. This distinction may have considerable political and socio-economic significance. What Mangin implies is that slum dwellers may indeed exhibit at least some of the characteristics that Lewis regards as diagnostic of the "culture of poverty."

Such lapses from precision are a pity, for Valentine has a great many sharp things to say; he says them without regard for falling chips, and he breaks new ground for urban anthropologists. Surely, predictable subsequent editions of his bristling essay will give him the opportunity for revision and expansion.

Private & Public Hurt

THE DARK BIRDS. *By Bert Meyers. Doubleday & Co. 68 pp. $3.95.*

COVENANTS. *By Robert Stock. Trident Press. 81 pp. $3.95.*

GENE FRUMKIN
Mr. Frumkin is a poet who teaches at the University of New Mexico.

Bert Meyers, in his second book of poems, *The Dark Birds,* continues and refines his use of clean, hard imagery which was the touchstone of his first book, *Early Rain.* In this respect he is the antithesis of Robert Stock in his first volume, *Covenants.*

If *The Dark Birds* is less adventuresome than *Early Rain,* the deficit is made up by greater control. Thematically, Meyers' work retains its sense of private and public hurt; the poems are songlike, and this is the secret of their success in dealing with the large concerns as well as the smaller ones. We haven't often experienced social criticism *sung* in autotelic poetry (as distinct from poetry written in conjunction with music, by Bob Dylan, for example). The slenderness of the song, the tenderness, in fact, of the device, plays off against the toughness of what is being said.

There is no separation in this book between the pain felt in one's self and the pain felt for the entire human condition. The poem "Pigeons" rings terrible and true:

Wherever I go to find
peace or an island
under palms in the afternoon
at midnight to pity my neighborhood
at dawn in the shrubs
to look for a child

I hear them
they fly by
applauding themselves
I see them
they pray as they walk
their eyes are halos
around a pit
they look amazed

Who are these that come
as a cloud to our windows
who rush up like smoke
before the town burns

You will find one
on a mountain
in a carpenter's shop
at home on the lawn
of an old estate
at the library
in the forehead of paradise

Whoever is mad
can accuse them
thousands were killed in a day

What happens to them
happens to me
when I can't sleep
they moan and I'm there
and it's still like that

Most of the imagery in *The Dark Birds* is on a level with that of "Pigeons," which is what makes this so exemplary a book. Some of the other poems, though, do not aim so high; sometimes the aim is high but the target isn't hit dead center. Only to be expected. What is true of the poems as a whole is that there is no statement in them apart from the context of the imagery; the best ones are singularly unified, achieved, such as these lines from *Stars* "Climb Girders of Light":

Man brief as the storm,
more than five feet of lightning,
twisted and beautiful.
Man made like his roads,
with somewhere to go.

"Man"—such a big, abstract word. But in this poem, potentially, the guy next door.

I admire Stock's effort in *Covenants* to use the language as if it were a dazzling aquarium, a full spectrum of colors in graceful motion. There is room in poetry for elegance, courtliness, no matter how far our time has traveled from the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Richness abounds in nature, in the spirit of man, and in the American language. But Stock's work strikes me as carefully constructed jungle growth; I would like to take a machete to some poems:

Autumn's ultimate will regina in ice
and testament seen in any leaf besieged
and riddled to shambles in the skirling
sphynx,
or, haloing a hill, in sumach crownfire—
these disappear as you draw nearer the
glass.
Behold your power over the reproach
as details of décor, oil astern, stream
off
the swollen cenotaph, leaving you:
power lover to lover falls relinquished,
inviolable images by inviolate tokens
conduct you to where the mimic's cap-
tives, reachless,
in the cycle unhouseled, still abide
epiphany through warrant you have
loved.

from "Epithalamium, I"

There are humor and virtuosity in Stock's poems, particularly in "The Synapse" and "Portrait of Gertrude Stein," though the latter does carry on too long. The best poems in *Covenants* seem to me those written "after Carlos Drummond de Andrade," whom Stock regards as the greatest of living poets. Whether he is or not is beside the point; what is important is that under the force of his direction Stock shows he can write crisply, cleanly, movingly, as in "Confession":

I have not loved my counterpart
enough,
have neither hunted his lice nor nursed

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his itch.
I have proffered only some few words, melodious, late, upon returning from the feast.

Without giving I gave and without kissing kissed.
He who hides his eyes beneath the cot perhaps is blind. And in the halflight treasures, even the most peerless, tarnish.

How, from what is left, compose a man and all that he implies of suavity, vegetable harmony, murmured laughter, love, surrender, and mercy?

I have not even loved myself enough, close as I am. No one have I loved except that bird—crazed and blue it came—
that ended smash against the airplane's wing.

Maybe, as they say, Stock hasn't found his voice yet. Maybe, when he does, it will more resemble the one he uses in "Confession."

Letter from a Former Optimist

EVE MERRIAM
Miss Merriam is the author of After Nora Slammed the Door *(World) and* Figleaf: The Business of Being in Fashion *(Lippincott), among other books.*

In Brecht's play *In the Jungle of Cities*, a character keeps crossing himself and muttering gently, "Things are getting worse, things are getting worse." I second the notion.

The young radicals are planning more confrontations: a "celebration march" to commemorate one month After Daley. What they do not realize is that they may be in a revolutionary condition, but the state is not. We have skipped over the coming revolution and gone direct to counterrevolution. The dedicated young are refusing to die in Vietnam but they are going to get clobbered on the local battlegrounds.

Gloomy Sunday these days leads to doomsday Monday. Talking to a real estate agent in upstate New York over the weekend: "Never mind how inflated prices are now," he says, "if you think they're sky-high, wait until after the election in November. Everybody will want to flee the cities. There won't be any country places to buy at any price. Better get a hideaway now." His sales talk seems only slightly exaggerated.

Passing the gates of Columbia University and the posters announcing stepped-up meetings of SDS scheduled for the coming week. Is it possible that violence on the campus can be avoided this fall? My Pollyanna heart insists that bloody April will not be re-enacted. But as Chicago was a self-fulfilling prophecy, so the stage is now set at Columbia for the many pseudo acts that will manage to lead to the real thing. There have been innumerable warm-up interviews with administration spokesmen, faculty, radical leaders, concerned parents, worried alumni. "Do you expect there will be violence?" the microphone thrusts to any passer-by. "Well, there may be, but we won't be the ones to start it," righteously reply all segments. But the initial shove will come from somewhere, you can bet your subscription to *Life*, with its handsome full-color, black-blue-and-blood spread laid out in advance.

Every day more teachers' strikes are reported across the country; Shanker's union is only the biggest and most headlined. It still seems astonishing that such groups should become militant, yet their walkouts are now almost as frequent as were the sit-ins a few years ago in the ancient history of the civil rights movement. (Remember Greensboro, N.C., in 1960? Look it up in some remaindered almanac.) Teachers strike; so do subway workers, garbage men, hospital workers; police and firemen threaten. What ever happened to our old concern about the Condon-Wadlin Act? Welfare workers picket on one side of the street; welfare clients on the other. Alternate parking for placards from the Peace and Freedom Party and the Freedom and Peace Party. What group does not speak out, make demands, these days? Only the entrenched machine politicians of the two morgue conventions.

In light of the increasing formidability of George Wallace and the Agnewizings of law 'n order, will I later regret not supporting Lyndon's little shortbread? For a while I was tempted by the lesser-evil theory, but Hubert himself keeps escalating blunders, and every time I'm ready to hand him my vote he snatches it away by another colossal crudity. He is either a bigger fool than anyone imagined or he is even more snobbish than William Buckley. His preposterous claim that he could have just as well supported the minority-party plank on Vietnam if that had been adopted. What of the provision in the plank for an unconditional bombing halt? Oh, dimples Hubie, I didn't read it all that carefully; I didn't know that fine print was in it. Does he really take us for a bunch of

Frederick Law Olmsted, Sr.

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By Julius Gy. Fabos, Gordon T. Milde, and V. Michael Weinmayr

This handsome book is the first pictorial study of Olmsted's major work in urban, state, and national park design; community and regional planning; and campus and estate design. Among the original drawings and photographs included are his plan of Riverside, Illinois, his site plan for the Columbian Exposition, and two large scale fold-outs of Central Park and Stanford University.
128 pages, 74 illustrations, 10 x 10, $12.00

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illiterates? Or does he think we know but don't care?

Fastidious about the niceties of language, I have demurred radical slogans of the "Fascist pigs" variety. Here in Morningside Heights where I live, I have been asked to sign a petition protesting "Columbia University's rape of the community." Just a few weeks ago a young girl *was* raped in Riverside Park; I suggest to the youthful petitioners that they tone down their metaphors. But their hyperboles no longer seem so strident to me. With the unchoice of the coming elections, with the war continuing, with white racism rampant, and with the lawless conduct of police officers, in uniform and out, I become what I would once have considered paranoid. I am suspicious of every burly guy I see wearing a bulging jacket; I flinch for the youngsters dressed in jeans and sandals. I want them to cut their hair: not for conformity's sake but for their own safety. I lived through the McCarthy witch hunts of the fifties, and now I sense those days will seem tame compared to future repression. Even here I cannot break out of my middle-class mildness. "Repression" is a pale euphemism. Police state, fascism, are what I mean. I had better get used to the sound of it.

I fear I will.

Book Marks

SARA BLACKBURN

BOUND FOR GLORY. *By Woody Guthrie. Foreword by Pete Seeger. E. P. Dutton & Co. 430 pp. $6.95.*

One reviewer called Woody Guthrie's 1943 autobiography "far more stirring . . . than *The Grapes of Wrath*." This reissue of the book (it covers 1912-42, before he became really famous) might have been more appropriate before the commercial Guthrie boom that followed his death last year, when he had already become a cherished hero for so many kids today, but we should be grateful to have it now. Even readers who never heard him or his songs will understand the current esteem in which he's held after reading only a few pages. It has taken Woody's sensibilities twenty-five years to come into style: he didn't want to be tied down. The book describes growing up in Oklahoma and West Texas oil-boom towns—with Woody wondering why the poor people did the work and stayed poor while the rich man got the profits. It tells of his family, and life with migrant workers, but it is mostly about the long years of riding the rails and the conversations he had with boomers and other boxcar types (he, with his guitar, was always one of them) who made that almost vanished culture so memorable. Some of it is a little corny and sentimental, but it is always shockingly immediate and real, written as if Woody were telling it out loud. It's not often in literature that we get a work by someone who loves and is one of the people; this is a book to make novelists and sociologists jealous.

THE PARADOX PLAYERS. *By Maureen Duffy. Simon & Schuster. 222 pp. $4.95.*

A young writer who has left his wife and child and pretty well given up on the possibilities of living in the square world buys a small boat and sets up house in it through a winter on the Thames. Although the writer and the oddball members of the small river community who become his friends are fairly dull folk (all are running away from the usual something, but it's not very interesting and they talk about it too much), Miss Duffy's novel is very much worth reading because of how well she conveys the snug world of river life.

A FAN'S NOTES. *By Frederick Exley. Harper & Row. 385 pp. $6.95.*

The author bills this touching and depressing autobiography of sorts as "a fictional memoir," and asks to be judged as "a writer of fantasy." It is the story of Mr. Exley, the son of a hero-worshiped high school athlete from upstate New York, doomed by the accepted insanities of America to live out his life as a fan, not just of the New York Giants, toward whom most of his real passion and affection get channeled but of the process of daily survival, a game he can't/won't play and must be content to admire, observe, damn, and be periodically driven mad by. Mr. Exley is a very good writer, and although his descriptions of his family life, his forays into love, business, marriage, alcoholism, teaching and mental hospitals are all remarkably good-humored, they add up to an American nightmare. The hero's inability to alter his sanity makes him crack under the weight of it. There's a lot of wit and bravado in this book, but it's more painful than funny.

ALL THE LITTLE ANIMALS. *By Walker Hamilton. Simon & Schuster. 125 pp. $3.95.*

In which Bobby Platt, a retarded and badly brutalized 31-year-old boy, runs away from his hideously evil stepfather and teams up with Mr. Summers, a lovely little old man who, having himself been brutalized, has dedicated himself to burying small dead animals. They decide together to kill the stepfather. Mr. Summers gets beaten to death in the process, and Bobby has to kill his Dickensian stepfather himself; good and gentleness have triumphed over brutality and evil, and Bobby carries on the animal burying, filled with grief for his dead friend, but somehow cleansed by the act of removing the man who had been responsible for so much of his own sorrow. This is the kind of novel that is often hailed as a beautiful and sensitive little classic; if you care for the genre (I do not), you'll find it exquisitely written.

THE BLACKING FACTORY and PENNSYLVANIA GOTHIC. *By Wilfrid Sheed. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 246 pp. $5.50.*

"A short novel and a long story," both of these eerie works catch the feelings of profound childhood isolation with the accuracy and impact of a black-and-white photograph. In *Pennsylvania Gothic* a young boy finds himself driven, by almost the same inescapable circumstances, into the same hopeless syndrome that caused his father's suicide. In *The Blacking Factory*, the waxen personality of a right-wing radio commentator is traced back to the polite but deadly brutalities of a British public school which he attended during a crucial time in his adolescence (again, a distant, puzzled father bumbles things). In different ways, both pieces are about the impossibility of parent-child contact, and the real desperation of children who never get beyond it; it's the intensity of this desperation which makes Wilfrid Sheed's book so chilling.

FILMS

HAROLD CLURMAN

There is often something attractive about even a (moderately) bad film. Its background, for instance, may be nicely photographed. Several of the films I saw during the first week of the sixth New York Film Festival are very pretty. Most of them are regarded as superior. But I soon came to realize that what I enjoyed most was their "landscapes."

They are highly sophisticated films: their boldness about sex and their nudes are immediately striking. (A motion picture nowadays without one or more views of a naked woman is simply not with it.) The films were also very *psycho-*

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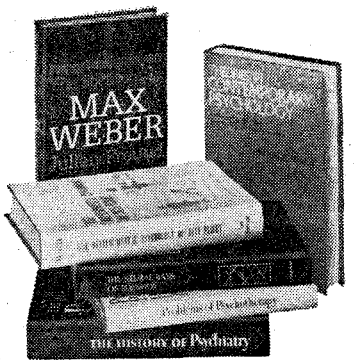

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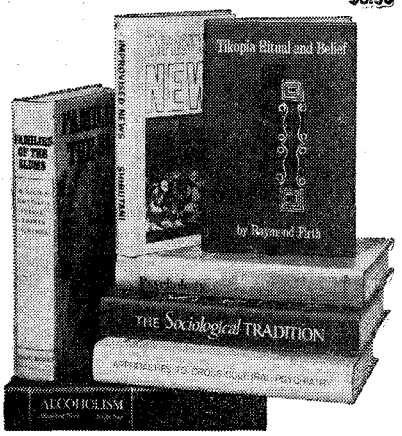

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logical. But I find that I prefer their pornography to their psychology.

I relished the Italian lakes, walks, hotels, casinos of *Twenty-Four Hours in the Life of a Woman,* the St. Tropez of *Les Biches.* Even the pigmented *Two or Three Things I Know About Her,* which dwells on the disagreeably altered face of Paris, is somehow made to look delicious. Whatever their subject or message it was the chromatic candy of their images and a sense of luxury in their sites which compensated for my indifference to their content.

Max Ophul's 1955 film *Lola Montes* is visually exquisite. The director's cultivated eye is everywhere apparent: the composition of a concert in Copenhagen's Tivoli Gardens is a perfect Manet. Anton Walbrook plays the King of Bavaria, Lola's most notable lover; in the very tilt of his top hat one recognizes the director's dash. Yet for all its nostalgic evocation of the early 19th century in Europe—something I especially appreciate—the film is pap.

Orson Welles's sixty-three-minute *The Immortal Story* which takes place in Macao is also a handsome sight. In it Jeanne Moreau, recumbent to receive a passing bedmate supposedly 17—although he looks 35—is rendered more sensuously appealing than ever. The picture is based on one of Isak Dinesen's Gothic tales. It indicates once more Welles's penchant for the mysterious macabre. A program note declares that it is about "the artist playing God" and "that life imitates art with ironic consequences." But the total effect is inconsequential, despite its suggestion of even more portentous meanings.

Les Biches (The Does) is a complicated story of inverted and involuted sex. Two Lesbians have an affair. Then in turn they go to bed with one man. Finally the girl who has been left out insists on living with the "normal" couple who have settled down together, so that she may enjoy both her former lovers vicariously. When she is refused this privilege the lone girl goes mad and kills her erstwhile "mistress." "There is something unhealthy here," says the man who slept with each of the women on two successive nights.

All this may be fascinating to many, but I found myself altogether unconcerned. Sex is an endlessly absorbing preoccupation and activity but the use made of it in many films today is as humanly relevant as *True Story* fiction or the mannequins in display windows.

I shall return to Godard's *Two or Three Things I Know About Her* when I have seen two other of his films which the festival announces. Godard is a deservedly controversial figure because hardly any of his films is entirely without merit. Being extremely prolific, he improvises or "guesses" as often as he creates. His ambiguity is frequently accidental and sometimes fraudulent. He is at his worst when he philosophizes: his own comment in *Two or Three Things,* spoken in a hush, is adolescent woolgathering with absurd pretensions to existentialist paradox.

La Religieuse (The Nun), based on an anti-clerical novella by Diderot, has been banned in France. It relates to the mores of the 18th century: it depicts a young lady unable to survive in a society in which the aristocracy, the middle class, the peasantry and the government are vilely corrupt. I reserve further comment on this film till a later date.

There were also such items as the *Report on the Party and the Guests* as well as *Capricious Summer,* which did not inspire any particular pleasure in me but still contained something more substantial than spurious erotica. The first of these two Czech films is a somewhat Kafkaesque parable with political implications. One cannot blame the Czechs for being opaque and devious in their symbolism; that has for some time been their manner and more recently their necessity. *Capricious Summer* directed (and among others acted) by Jiri Menzel of *Closely Watched Trains* seemed to bore its first-night audience—its pace was too leisurely—but I found an odd charm both in its lyric color and in its comic-pathetic overtones. A third Czech film is scheduled and I shall discuss the general characteristics of Czech film making next week.

Though most of these films afford agreeable pastime at least, I had begun to despair of the festival as a source of any great personal satisfaction when I came upon Robert Bresson's *Mouchette.* Bresson's art is a relief from factitiousness. Every shot of his picture is a simple and telling declarative sentence. He doesn't hurry; he looks and sees. He eschews tricks and that "art of the cinema" which so preoccupies the *cognoscenti.* His is an ascetic art, laconic and penetrating. It is deeply human without bathos.

Mouchette is a girl of perhaps 14 who lives in one of those very small French villages in which the inhabitants seem to hide behind closed shutters as if they were keeping watch over corpses. Her father is a hard and soundless peasant worker, her mother deathly ill and her infant brother squalls through hunger and neglect. The family is wretchedly poor. Tenderly she ministers to her mother and fondles and feeds the child maternally. Her schoolmates mock her shabby clothes, her dank complexion. The boys call her "rat face." She revenges herself by throwing mud at them. The town's women are dry; the men, incapable of easy communication, spend their moments of rest in bitter silence at the café *terrasses* after consuming several draughts of harsh liquor. Only when Mouchette's mother dies is kindness shown her by the gift of a free tumbler of coffee and an extra *croissant* which she disdainfully throws away.

There is a gratified smile on her face when a boy in a miniature auto deliberately and continuously bumps into hers at the fun-fair "race course." Attracted by the boy she follows him, but only to be spurned. And finally when she experiences an intimate contact, the impulse of desire toward her, it is through rape by a drunkard, the town's epileptic poacher whom she later speaks of as her "lover." When her father tells her that her mother was a "brave woman" she responds with *"Merde."* When an old woman, enamored of mortality, offers her material to serve as a shroud in which to bury her mother, Mouchette curses the "old witch" and drowns herself, wrapped in a dress from the bounty. It is a terrible story but it sinks into the consciousness as something more than a brutal tale of rural darkness and suffering. It conveys the unnoticed, the unsensational agony, the secret and insidious pain of all human isolation.

It may be concluded from the above that in preferring the black and white *Mouchette* to most of the lush melodramas whose gorgeous males and females suffer the torments of our time—one asks oneself why Bonnie and Clyde didn't go into the movies—that my predilection is for unvarnished realism as contrasted to refined art or camera manipulation. It would be much more exact to say that I am definitely averse to the gay but morally sleazy drapery so frequently used to conceal the diseases it pretends to disclose.

TV: Daley's Hour

CHARLES HORMAN

Mr. Horman is a free-lance writer and film maker.

Mayor Richard Daley's hour-documentary defending the tactics of his Chicago Police Department was broadcast on Sunday, September 15, on prime-time television in 142 cities. The people of Chicago—Democrats and Republicans, Left and Right, blacks, Poles and Chinese—can rest assured that their $50,000 or so of tax money has produced a highly persuasive film—certainly far better than the grade-B thrillers HUAC

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cranked out to smear demonstrators on the West Coast.

Directed by Henry Ushijima, the film —called *What Trees Do They Plant*— tactfully mixed chosen quotations from police and professors with hand-held coverage of the major street confrontations on the Wednesday Hubert Humphrey was nominated. Rennie Davis and Dave Dellinger of the National Mobilization had a chance to explain in some detail their distress about being denied a marching permit. As a matter of fact, I tuned in just after the opening credits, and thought for a moment it was not the Daley film after all, so scrupulous was it in presenting Mobilization's viewpoint.

After the discussion of the permit, however, *What Trees Do They Plant* held few surprises. The film—and Mayor Daley's—basic point was that the scenario for the battle of Chicago had been written months before by full-time agitators, several of whom had visited Cuba and Hanoi. These "hard-boiled revolutionaries" expected three things—to disrupt the convention, to paralyze the city, and to discredit the government by confrontations with the police.

The shock troops, said the film, were a particularly disreputable group called Yippies who set the tone of the demonstrations and were far from nonviolent. A deputy superintendent of the Los Angeles police, who had come up to watch his Midwestern cousins handle crowds, assured us that although there might have been a few right-wing excesses, the police handled themselves with remarkable restraint.

Police Commander James J. Riordan showed us "weapons" which the police had gathered in the wake of the Yippies. These included a baseball bat, broken glass, a broken bottle, and a pickax handle which, he said, "showed obvious intention of malice—no doubt what the intention of this was."

This documentary is aimed not at the ultra Right who are already persuaded of what is necessary to restore law and order but at the good Democrats, liberal and moderate, who are wondering if they'd rather stay home this time around than get out and vote the Humphrey slate. "The purpose of this program," said Homewood of the Chicago *Sun-Times*, "is to explore that middle ground of cause and effects."

During the melee in Chicago, as police charged demonstrators, radical interpretations of America became suddenly persuasive to many Americans who thought themselves moderates. However, if either leftist or rightist analyses are correct—if, say, America is either a police state or on the edge of Red anarchy—then it is oddly irrelevant to vote Democratic in the fall. And thus, *What Trees Do They Plant* tries to restore a middle ground for Democratic candidates to occupy in November.

Homewood introduced Prof. Richard Wade of the University of Chicago as a man concerned with the problems of the cities. Professor Wade pointed out that both the chanting of obscenities and throwing of missiles *and* the "clubbing of citizens without regard to innocence or guilt" had occurred. "Unless we see the two sides, we won't get anywhere in analyzing the event or in solving these problems for next time."

"The gainer," Wade feared, "will be the forces of George Wallace. The loser is the decent center of American politics." Even Daley, who can be an immoderate man, assured Walter Cronkite that he would not have taken such drastic precautions had he not been informed by his security forces that there were several assassination plots afoot.

Because it is skillfully written and assembled, the film will certainly convince many who are disturbed, but not dissenting, Democrats. People who were there during the key moments shown in the documentary will realize that the narration evades or, more simply, lies about crucial facts. But the film has not chosen as its audience the people who were there.

The narration is evasive, for example, during the excellent footage of police charging the authorized rally in Grant Park on Wednesday afternoon. The sound track rambles rather irrelevantly about thousands who gathered to hear the speakers and "demonstrators dressed like Castro" as the picture shows teargas grenades going off and police busting heads. The narration does not explain why the police attacked the meeting, which had been given a permit. Because I was there, I know the attack was unprovoked.

The film's next shot shows a line of demonstrators with joined hands. Behind them mills a disorderly crowd. The narration says: "The long line of march is formed up by those who want to disrupt the convention." The narration thus implies that time has passed, the rally is over, and the demonstrators are now preparing an illegal disruption.

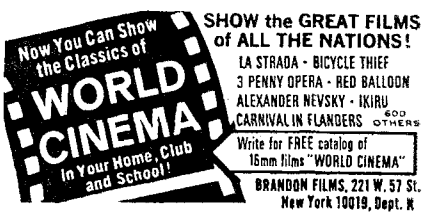
In fact, the shot was taken at the same time as the preceding ones, but from the viewpoint of the police lines. When the police charged, Rennie Davis, Vernon Grizzard and others from the National Mobilization lined up the marshals between the police and the crowd, which had been listening to the speeches. They tried to quiet things down and back the crowd away from the police—but the police charged faster than the marshals could move the crowd. Davis was then clubbed.

The sequence filmed outside the Hilton that same day is quicker and more deceptive. "All the agitation, all the planning, all of the pressure leads to this," intones the narrator. "The moment of confrontation. It cannot be avoided."

Then there is a nice action sequence of the police scrambling through the crowd, packing kids into paddy wagons. Not too much of the beating. "The crowd surges forward," says the narrator, "and police clear the streets."

That Wednesday night I was in the front line of that odd mix of demonstrators, oglers, poor people's caravan and newsmen who faced the police at the corner of Michigan and Balbo. More than 25 feet of clear space separated the crowd from the cops. No one on our side did any surging, and everyone who watched television that night, looked down from the windows of the Hilton, or was in the crowd knows it. The police assault was completely unprovoked by the demonstrators, who were chanting slogans but doing nothing else.

I had rushed to the side behind the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police barricade where the crowd was jammed so tight it was impossible to move anything but my head. Two women, who had just come out of the hotel, were clinging to each other and wailing. A third was trying to climb up their backs to the sheer walls of the Hilton.

The police wheeled 90 degrees and charged. They began clubbing the people in the first row behind the barricade. I was in the second. A woman shrieked, "Don't hit me! Don't hit me!" But they did.

Nearby to the left, a group of long-haired students were chanting, "The whole world is watching, the whole world is watching." Above them, on a platform, the television cameras—their red lights on—were tilted almost straight down at the crowd and the police.

I heard the plate-glass windows in the Hilton begin to creak. Then they shattered, and someone cried out in pain. People near the windows began pushing forward to get away from the broken glass, forcing those of us in front back into the night sticks. A girl in front of me was clubbed. Blood sprayed over her blond hair and green V-neck sweater. She fell down, and I couldn't see her any more.

The police moved back a few feet and took out their cans of MACE. In hunched, gun-slinger stances, they moved up and down the barricade, squirting steady streams at us.

The MACE hit me on the neck, chin and forehead. It splashed off my glasses, clouding them, but didn't get in my eyes. It stung on my face. I ducked down; and, as I did, I heard the screams of those directly behind me who up to then I'd shielded.

What an extraordinary spectacle so many people saw in their living rooms that evening during the time slot usually reserved for *The Virginians*. For many, the shock by-passed politics; surely this was not the way to handle things.

Reporters, who had been a special target of police attack, reacted sharply. Jack Mabley, whose columns in the *Chicago American* had shown strong support for the police and distaste for the demonstrators, changed his mind for that Thursday's edition of the paper. "Scores of people under the Palmer House canopy watched in horror," he wrote, "as a policeman went animal when a crippled man couldn't get away fast enough. The man hopped with his stick as fast as he could, but the policeman shoved him in the back, then hit him with the night stick, hit him again and finally crashed him into a lamppost."

Mabley went on to describe Jerry Rubin's arrest by four policemen who had followed him in an unmarked car: "I have heard Rubin speak, and he was obscene and revolting. In America a man may be arrested for obscenity or revolution. But Rubin was grabbed off the street and rushed to jail because of what he thinks.

"This is the way it's done in Prague. This is what happens to candidates who finish second in Vietnam. This is not the beginning of a police state, it *is* the police state."

That reality in the streets—transmitted electronically to the living room—seemed to require that people make one of those simple choices which are the most difficult. It lined up the police against citizens assembled to petition for redress of grievances; and the violence in the streets underlined the quieter violence being done to democratic process inside the amphitheatre.

Mayor Daley's film is only the last step in a moderating process of revision which began that Thursday when Chet Huntley, chatting with his reporters, pointed out that there was a whale of a difference between the responsible demonstrators and the hard core of ruffian agitators who wanted trouble. Soon after the convention folded, commentators began giving some of the demonstrators those multi-syllabic nicknames—like "hard-boiled revolutionaries" and "professional agitators"—which mean that these were the real bad apples, so it was O.K. to beat them up or put them in jail. The rest were responsible, which meant they would probably stop soon.

What Trees Do They Plant, in effect, welcomes those who are ready to step back into the party. We've had some misunderstandings, dissent has been registered; but now there's work to be done. The lesser of two evils is waiting to be elected again. But even the balanced statement of the urbanologist and the slick narration cannot bind together the wound which was opened in Chicago.

The final scene in the documentary is a shot of the crowd outside the Hilton. During the speeches on Thursday afternoon, a voice from a megaphone is saying. "We're going back to create 2-3, 200-300 Chicagos in our local communities." The voice is repeated and the words are superimposed on the milling demonstrators. What trees do they plant indeed! Rooted in sedition, these demonstrations will bear bitter fruit. Two hundred to 300 Chicagos? How immoderate! How irresponsible! Wallace will gain! Nixon will be elected!

The film will persuade people; but I doubt that it can dispel that enervation which grips the liberal center of the Democratic Party, because in one sense, the film is right. The demonstrators—all of them—came to Chicago, as the film points out, to disrupt the convention, paralyze the city, and discredit the government by confrontations with the police. And they succeeded. Perhaps not many had the resolution to desire what happened; but all who came, knowing what the convention must be like, anticipated somewhere in their minds that terrifying, conclusive eighteen minutes outside the Hilton Hotel. After it, not all of Daley's film makers can put Humphrey Dumphrey together again.

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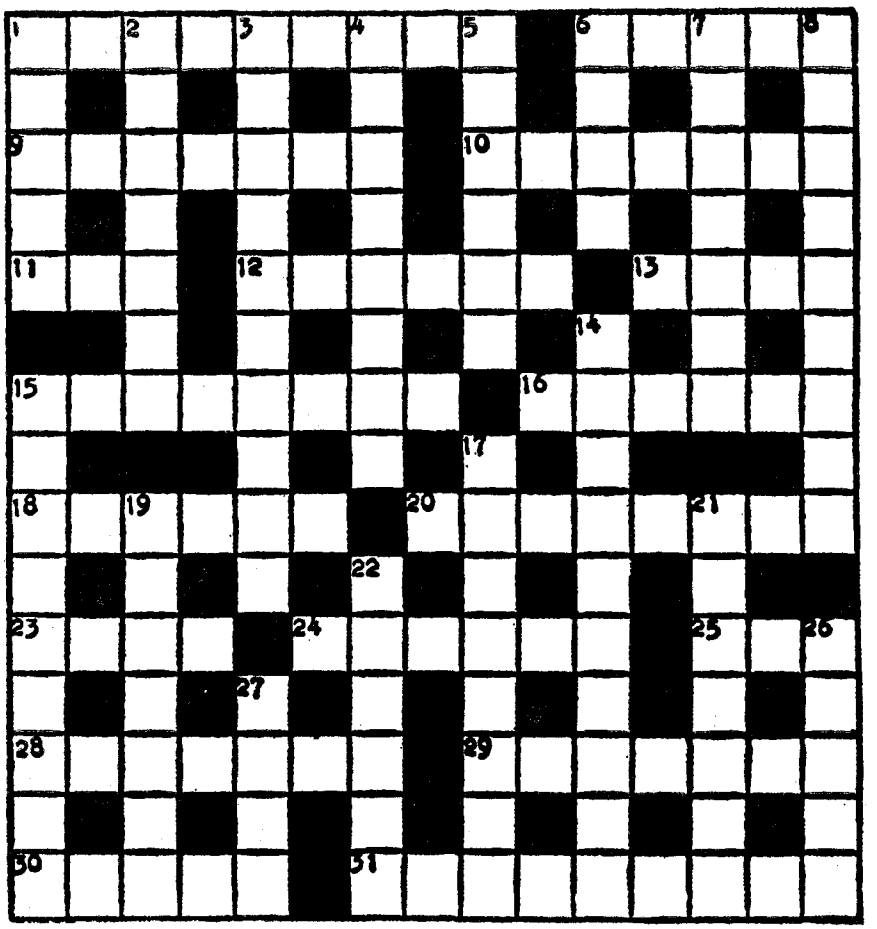

ACROSS:

1 For one in the legal battle, it seems to be just an ordinary set-to. (9)
6 A sign of advance in a little matter might mark the highly opinionated. (5)
9 No offensive implications in such as a Venus? (7)
10 Snake-eyes? Two degrees to one! (7)
11 See 12 across.
12, 11 and 13 You might find several stripes on one with such as Chiroptera and Formicidae, but they shouldn't hurt you. (13)
15 Walked vainly, when supported? (8)
16 Somewhat like a pot of gold, as the French say, in all frankness? (6)
18 You might have a potential need around four for a salad, perhaps. (6)
20 Wearied about the disturbed condition?
23 Tense that is imparted by sound? (4)
24 Held by a sailor or a farmer? (6)
25 See 19 down.
28 Is the fricassee of veal in one not expected to work? (2, 5)
29 Game hunters might look for this. (7)
30 Elbow. (5)
31 Acted like Bonnie Prince Charlie when young? (9)

DOWN:

1 and 6 down Get to the bottom of Roberts, perhaps, if you want leads on the line. (5,4)
2 One who might prepare for the movies makes the publicity a little more fitting.
3 and 27 down Not a matter of name-calling, though the subject might come up in it. (10,4)
4 Brought in like some servants used to be? (8)
5 A staff might have at least one bottle.
6 See 1 down.
7 Reading letters with the appearance of wood or stone? (7)
8 Certain in step, and held in esteem. (9)
14 They picture him going out each year like a rude hermit surrounded by destiny. (6,4)
15 Never a grain of bitterness here! (5,4)
17 Game allowed in the street? (8)
19 and 25 across Hurried and dined, as some couples do. (6,4)
21 Street litter? It's basic to our ways! (7)
22 Queue taken in hand by the umpire? (4,2)
26 Correct, whether or not 25 follows. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1265

ACROSS: 1 Reverend; 10 and 5 Grave digger; 11 Marijuana; 12 Elision; 13 Parades; 14 and 21 Single-minded; 15 Sistine; 18 Stymies; 24 Riposte; 26 Replete; 27 Blind spot; 28 Inapt; 29 Splash; 30 Slightly. DOWN: 1 Rugged; 2 Viability; 3 Reeling; 4 Nominee; 6 Injures; 7 Grand; 8 Roadster; 9 Tropes; 16 Inelegant; 17 Ascribes; 19 Insides; 20 Steppe; 21 Marital; 22 Napping; 23 Sentry; 25 Phial.

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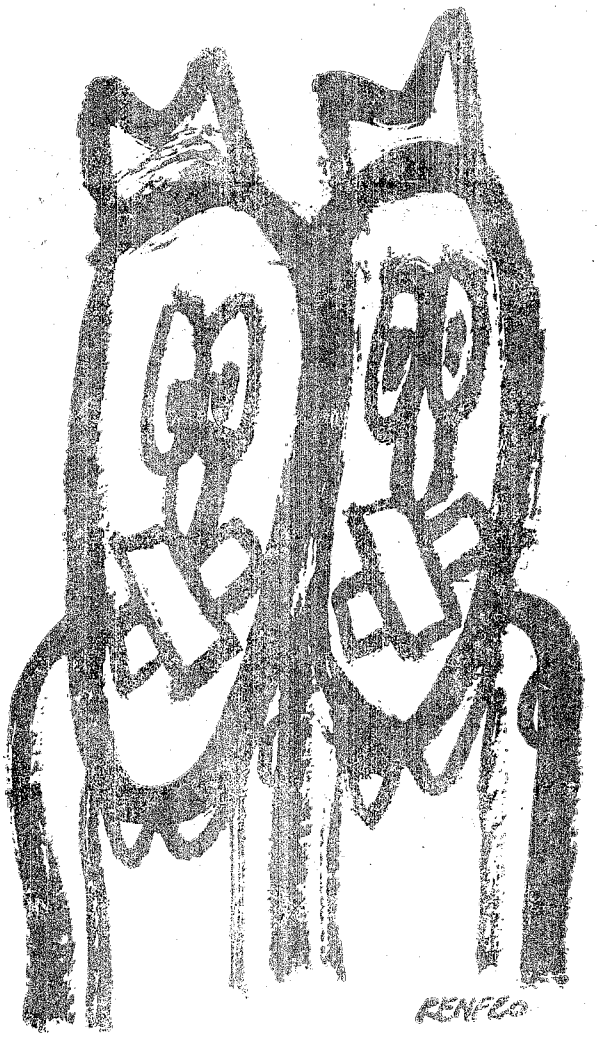

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